

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING

THE AUTHOR.

THE MAYOR OF GARRATT.

ENGLISHMEN IN PARIS.

ENGLISHMAN RETURN'D

FROM PARIS. And

THE MILD OF BATH.



London :

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,
FOR J. PARSONS, N^o 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1795.

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THE AUTHOR.

A COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS,

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London:

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1794.



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THE AUTHOR.

IN the year 1757 this comedy, written by Mr. Samuel Foote, was performed, for the first time, to a full house, and with great applause.

In the life of this celebrated wit and mimic, given in the first volume of our collection, it is remarked that his satire, in many instances, aimed at a partial mark. In the Author, an unoffending and respectable character was held up to public ridicule, on account of some peculiarities which created no more than a smile among his friends, but which did not in the least act as a drawback upon their private esteem. The person alluded to was Mr. Aprice, a gentleman of family and fortune.

The inimitable humour of a Foote, however, could make even the wrong appear the better reason. The part of Cadwallader, in his hands, produced crowded houses, while even those inclined to blame, were diverted from their purpose by his irresistible point and pleasantry.

At length, the jest becoming very serious to the repose of the party it exposed in so public a manner, application was made for its suppression, and for some years it was withdrawn from the boards; it has, however, of late, been represented occasionally, and we know of few after-pieces that are better received.

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

Governor Cape,	-	MR. AIKEN
Young Cape,	-	MR. J. BANNISTER
Sprightly,	-	MR. HOLLINGWORTH
Cadwallader,	-	MR. BANNISTER
Poet	-	MR. WALDRON
'Vamp,'	-	MR. BADDELEY
Printer's Devil,	-	MR. LYONS
Robin,	-	MR. JONES.

Women.

Mrs. Cadwallader,	-	MRS. WELLS
Arabella,	-	MISS COLLINS.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. FOOTE.

SEVERE their task, who, in this critic age,
With fresh materials furnish out the stage!
Not that our fathers drain'd the comic store;
Fresh characters spring up as heretofore—
Nature with novelty does still abound;
On every side fresh follies may be found.
But then the taste of every guest to hit,
To please at once the gallery, box, and pit;
Requires at least—no common share of wit.

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Those who adorn the orb of higher life,
Demand the lively rake or modish wife;
Whilst they who in a lower circle move,
Yawn at their wit, and slumber at their love.
If light, low mirth employs the comic scene,
Such mirth as drives from vulgar minds the spleen;
The polish'd critic damns the wretched stuff,
And cries, "'Twill please the galleries well enough."
Such jarring judgments who can reconcile,
Since fops will frown where humble traders smile?

To dash the poet's ineffectual claim,
And quench his thirst for universal fame,
The Grecian fabulist, in moral lay,
Has thus address'd the writers of this day.

Once on a time, a son and sire, we're told,
The stripling tender, and the father old,
Purchas'd a jack-ass at a country fair,
To ease their limbs and hawk about their ware:

But as the sluggish animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both should mount, his back wou'd
break :

Up gets the boy ; the father leads the ass,
And thro' the gazing crowd attempt to pass:
Forth from the throng the Grey-beards hobble out,
And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout.

" This the respect to reverend age you show ?

" And this the duty you to parents owe ?

" He beats the hoof, and you are set astride :

" Sirrah, get down, and let your father ride."

As Grecian lads were seldom void of grace,
The decent, duteous youth resign'd his place.

Then a fresh murmur thro' the rabble ran ;
Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man.

" Sure, never was brute-beast so void of nature !

" Have you no pity for the pretty creature ?

" To your own baby can you be unkind ?

" Here—Suke, Bill, Betty—put the child behind."

Old Dapple next the clowns compassion claim'd :

" 'Tis wonderment them boobies ben't asham'd,

" Two at a time upon a poor dumb beast !

" They might as well have carry'd he at least."

The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,
Dismount and bear the ass—Then what a noise ?

Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
From the yet silent sire these words provoke :

" Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call,

" Vain his attempt who strives to please them all !"



THE AUTHOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Governor CAPE and ROBIN.

Governor.

AND he believes me dead, Robin ?

Rob. Most certainly.

Gov. You have given him no intimation that his fortunes might mend ?

Rob. Not a distant hint.

Gov. How did he receive the news ?

Rob. Calmly enough : when I told him that his hopes from abroad were at an end, that the friend of his deceased father thought he had done enough in putting it in his power to earn his own livelihood, he replied, 'twas no more than he had long expected, charged me with his warmest acknowledgments to his concealed benefactor, thanked me for my care, sighed, and left me.

Gov. And how has he lived since ?

Rob. Poorly, but honestly: to his pen he owes all his subsistence. I am sure my heart bleeds for him: consider, Sir, to what temptations you expose him.

Gov. The severer his trials, the greater his triumph. Shall the fruits of my honest industry, the purchase of many perils, be lavish'd on a lazy luxurious booby, who has no other merit than being born five-and-twenty years after me? No, no, Robin; him, and a profusion of debts, were all that the extravagance of his mother left me.

Rob. You lov'd her, Sir?

Gov. Fondly, nay, foolishly, or necessity had not compell'd me to seek for shelter in another climate. 'Tis true, fortune has been favourable to my labours; and when George convinces me that he inherits my spirit, he shall share my property, not else.

Rob. Consider, Sir, he has not your opportunities.

Gov. Nor had I his education.

Rob. As the world goes, the worst you cou'd have given him. Lack-a-day! Learning, learning, Sir, is no commodity for this market: nothing makes money here, Sir, but money; or some certain fashionable qualities that you wou'd not wish your son to possess.

Gov. Learning useless! Impossible!---Where are the Oxfords, the Halifaxes, the great protectors and patrons of the liberal arts?

Rob. Patron!---The word has lost its use; a gui-

nea-subscription at the request of a lady, whose chambermaid is acquainted with the author, may be now and then pick'd up----Protector!---Why, I dare believe there's more money laid out upon Islington turnpike in a month than upon all the learned men in Great Britain in seven years.

Gov. And yet the press groans with their productions! How do they all exist?

Rob. In garrets, Sir; as, if you will step to your son's apartment in the next street, you will see.

Gov. But what apology shall we make for the visit?

Rob. That you want the aid of his profession; a well-penn'd address now from the subjects of your late government, with your gracious reply, to put into the newspapers.

Gov. Ay! is that part of his practice?---Well, lead on, Robin,

SCENE II. *draws, and discovers* YOUNG CAPE *with the* PRINTER'S DEVIL.

Cape. Prithee, go about thy business---Vanish, dear devil.

Devil. Master bid me not come without the proof; he says as how there are two other answers ready for the press; and if yours don't come out a Saturdry, 'twont pay for the paper. But you are always so lazy: I have more plague with you---There's Mr. Guzzle, the translator, never keeps me a minute---unless the poor gentleman happens to be fuddled.

Cape. Why, you little, sooty, sniv'ling, diabolical puppy, is it not sufficient to be plagu'd with the stupidity of your absurd master, but I must be pester'd with your impertinence?

Devil. Impertinence:—Marry come up, I keep as good company as your worship every day in the year—There's Mr. Clench, in Little Britain, does not think it beneath him to take part of a pot of porter with me, tho' he has wrote two volumes of Lives in quarto, and has a folio a-coming out in numbers.

Cape. Harky', sirrah, if you don't quit the room this instant, I'll show you a shorter way into the street than the stairs.

Devil. I shall save you the trouble—Give me the French book that you took the story from for the last Journal.

Cape. Take it—— [Throws it at him.]

Devil. What, d'ye think it belongs to the circulating library, or that it is one of your own performances, that you——

Cape. You shall have a larger—(Exit Devil)
'Sdeath! a pretty situation I am in! And are these the fruits I am to reap from a long, laborious, and expensive——

Re-enter DEVIL.

Devil. I had like to have forgot, here's your week's pay for the newspaper, five and fivepence; which, with the two-and-a-penny master pass'd his word for, to Mrs. Suds your washerwoman, makes the three half-crowns.

Cape. Lay it on the table.

Devil. Here's a man on the stairs wants you; by the sheepishness of his looks, and the shabbiness of his dress, he's either a pickpocket or a poet—Here, walk in, Mr. What-d'ye-call-um, the gentleman's at home. [*Surveys the figure, laughs, and exit.*]

Enter POET.

Poet. Your name, I presume, is *Cape*?

Cape. You have hit it, Sir.

Poet. Sir, I beg pardon, you are a gentleman that writes?

Cape. Sometimes.

Poet. Why, Sir, my case, in a word, is this: I, like you; have long been a retainer of the muses, as you may see by their livery.

Cape. They have not discarded you, I hope?

Poet. No, Sir; but their upper servants, the booksellers, have—I printed a collection of jests upon my own account, and they have ever since refused to employ me; you, Sir, I hear, are in their graces: Now I have brought you, Sir, three Imitations of Juvenal in prose; Tully's oration for Milo, in blank verse; two essays on the British Herring-fishery, with a large collection of rebuses; which if you will dispose of to them, in your own name, we'll divide the profits.

Cape. I am really, Sir, sorry for your distress; but I have a larger cargo of my own manufacturing than they choose to engage in.

Poet. That's pity; you have nothing in the com-

piling or index way, that you wou'd entrust to the care of another?

Cape. Nothing.

Poet. I'll do it at half price.

Cape. I'm concern'd it is not in my power at present to be useful to you ; but if this trifle——

Poet. Sir, your servant. Shall I leave you any of my——

Cape. By no means.

Poet. An essay or an ode?

Cape. Not a line.

Poet. Your very obedient—— [Exit *Poet.*

Cape. Poor fellow! and how far am I removed from his condition? Virgil had his Pollio; Horace, his Mecænas; Martial, his Pliny. My protectors are, Title-page the publisher, Vamp the bookseller, and Index the printer. A most noble triumvirate; and the rascals are as proscriptive and arbitrary as the famous Roman one, into the bargain.

Enter SPRIGHTLY.

Spri. What! in soliloquy, George—reciting some of the pleasantries, I suppose, in your new piece?

Cape. My disposition has at present very little of the *vis comica*.

Spri. What's the matter?

Cape. Survey that mass of wealth upon the table; all my own, and earn'd in little more than a week.

Spri. Why, 'tis an inexhaustible mine!

Cape. Ay, and delivered to me too with all the soft civility of Billingsgate by a printer's prime minister, call'd a *devil*.

Spri. I met the imp upon the stairs. But I thought these midwives to the muses were the idolizers of you their favourite sons.

Cape. Our Tyrants, Tom! Had I indeed a posthumous piece of infidelity, or an amorous novel, decorated with luscious copper-plates, the slaves would be civil enough.

Spri. Why don't you publish your own works?

Cape. What! and paper my room with 'em? No, no, that will never do; there are secrets in all trades: ours is one great mystery; but the explanation wou'd be too tedious at present.

Spri. Then why don't you divert your attention to some other object?

Cape. That subject was employing my thoughts.

Spri. How have you resolved?

Cape. I have, I think, at present, two strings to my bow: if my comedy succeeds, it buys me a commission; if my mistress, my Laura, proves kind, I am settled for life; but if both my cords snap—adieu to the quill, and welcome the musket.

Spri. Heroically determined?—But *a propos*—how proceeds your honourable passion?

Cape. But slowly—I believe I have a friend in her heart, but a most potent enemy in her head: you know I am poor, and she is prudent. With regard to her fortune, too, I believe her brother's consent is essentially necessary—But you promised to make me acquainted with him.

Spri. I expect him here every instant. He may, George, be useful to you in more than one capa-

city ; if your comedy is not crouded, he is a character, I can tell you, that will make no contemptible figure in it.

Cape. His sister gave me a sketch of him last summer.

Spri. A sketch can never convey him. His peculiarities require infinite labour and high finishing.

Cape. Give me the outlines.

Spri. He is a compound of contrarieties ; pride and meanness, folly and archness : At the same time that he wou'd take the wall of a prince of the blood, he wou'd not scruple eating a fry'd sausage at the Mews-gate. There is a minuteness now and then in his descriptions, and some whimsical unaccountable turns in his conversation, that are entertaining enough : but the extravagance and oddity of his manner, and the boast of his birth, complete his character.

Cape. But how will a person of his pride and pedigree relish the humility of this apartment ?

Spri. Oh, he's prepar'd—You are, George, tho' prodigiously learn'd and ingenious, an abstracted being, odd and whimsical ; the case with all your great geniuses : You love the snug, the chimney-corner of life ; and retire to this obscure nook merely to avoid the importunity of the great.

Cape. Your servant—But what attraction can a character of this kind have for Mr. Cadwallader ?

Spri. Infinite ! next to a peer, he honours a poet ; and modestly imputes his not making a figure in the learned world himself to the neglect of his educa-

tion—Hush! he's on the stairs—On with your cap, and open your book. Remember great dignity and absence.

‘ Enter VAMP.

‘ *Cape.* Oh, no; 'tis Mr. Vamp. Your commands, good Sir?

‘ *Vamp.* I have a word, Master Cape, for your private ear.

‘ *Cape.* You may communicate; this gentleman is a friend.

‘ *Vamp.* An author?

‘ *Cape.* Voluminous.

‘ *Vamp.* In what way?

‘ *Cape.* Universal.

‘ *Vamp.* Bless me! he's very young, and exceedingly well rigg'd; what, a good subscription, I reckon?

‘ *Cape.* Not a month from Leyden; an admirable theologist! he study'd it in Germany; if you should want such a thing now as ten or a dozen manuscript sermons, by a deceased clergyman, I believe he can supply you.

‘ *Vamp.* Warranted originals?

‘ *Cape.* No.

‘ *Vamp.* No, no; I don't deal in the sermon-way now; I lost money by the last I printed, for all 'twas wrote by a Methodist; but I believe, Sir, if they ben't long, and have a good deal of Latin in 'em, I can get you a chap.

‘ *Spri.* For what, Sir?

‘ *Vamp.* The manuscript sermons you have wrote,
‘ and want to dispose of.

‘ *Spri.* Sermons that I have wrote!

‘ *Vamp.* Ay, ay; Mr. Cape has been telling
me——

‘ *Spri.* He has? I am mightily oblig’d to him.

‘ *Vamp.* Nay, nay; don’t be afraid: I’ll keep
‘ counsel; old Vamp had not kept a shop so long
‘ at the Turnstile, if he did not know how to be
‘ secret: why, in the year fifteen, when I was in
‘ the treasonable way, I never squeak’d; I never
‘ gave up but one author in my life, and he was
‘ dying of a consumption; so it never came to a
‘ trial.

‘ *Spri.* Indeed!

‘ *Vamp.* Never—look here, (*shows the side of his*
‘ *head*), crop’d close!—bare as a board!—and for
‘ nothing in the world but an innocent book of
‘ bawdy, as I hope for mercy: Oh! the laws are
‘ very hard, very severe upon us.

‘ *Spri.* You have given me, Sir, so positive a
‘ proof of your secrecy, that you may rely upon
‘ my communication.

‘ *Vamp.* You will be safe—But, gadso! we must
‘ mind business, tho’. Here, Mr. Cape, you must
‘ provide me with three taking titles for these pam-
‘ phlets; and if you can think of a pat Latin motto
‘ for the largest——

‘ *Cape.* They shall be done.

‘ *Vamp.* Do so, do so. Books are like women,
‘ Mr. Cape; to strike, they must be well dressed:

' fine feathers make fine birds; a good paper, an
' elegant type, a handsome motto, and a catching
' title, has drove many a dull treatise thro' three
' editions—Did you know Harry Handy?

' *Spri.* Not that I recollect.

' *Vamp.* He was a pretty fellow; he had his La-
' tin *ad anguem*, as they say; he wou'd have turn'd
' you a fable of Dryden's, or an epistle of Pope's,
' into Latin verse in a twinkling; except Peter
' Hasty the voyage-writer, he was as great a loss to
' the trade as any within my memory.

' *Cape.* What carry'd him off?

' *Vamp.* A halter; hang'd for clipping and coin-
' ing, Mr. Cape; I thought there was something
' the matter by his not coming to our shop for a
' month or two: he was a pretty fellow.

' *Spri.* Were you a great loser by his death?

' *Vamp.* I can't say—as he had taken to another
' course of living, his execution made a noise; it
' sold me seven hundred of his translations, besides
' his last dying speech and confession; I got it; he
' was mindful of his friends in his last moments:
' he was a pretty fellow?

' *Cape.* You have no farther commands, Mr.
' Vamp?

' *Vamp.* Not at present; about the spring I'll
' deal with you, if we can agree, for a couple of vo-
' lumes in octavo.

' *Spri.* Upon what subject?

' *Vamp.* I leave that to him; Mr. Cape knows
' what will do, tho' novels are a pretty light sum-

‘mer-reading, and do very well at Tunbridge,
‘Bristol, and the other watering-places: no bad
‘commodity for the West-India trade neither; let
‘’em be novels, Mr. Cape.

‘*Cape.* You shall be certainly supply’d.

‘*Vamp.* I doubt not; pray, how does Index go
‘on with your Journal?

‘*Cape.* He does not complain.

‘*Vamp.* Ah, I knew the time—but you have
‘over-stock’d the market. Titlepage and I had
‘once liked to have engag’d in a paper. We had
‘got a young Cantab for the essays; a pretty histo-
‘rian from Aberdeen; and an attorney’s clerk for
‘the true intelligence: but, I don’t know how, it
‘dropp’d for want of a politician.

‘*Cape.* If in that capacity I can be of any—

‘*Vamp.* No, thank you, Mr. Cape; in half a
‘year’s time, I have a grandson of my own that will
‘come in; he is now in training as a waiter at the
‘Cocoa-tree coffee-house; I intend giving him the
‘run of Jonathan’s for three months, to understand
‘trade and the funds; and then I’ll start him—
‘No, no, you have enough on your hands; stick
‘to your business; and, d’ye here, ’ware clipping
‘and coining; remember Harry Handy: he was a
‘pretty fellow! [Exit.

‘*Spri.* And I’m sure thou art a most extraordi-
‘nary fellow! But prythee, George, what cou’d
‘provoke thee to make me a writer of sermons?

‘*Cape.* You seem’d desirous of being acquainted
‘with our business, and I knew old Vamp would

' let you more into the secret in five minutes than I
' could in as many hours. [*Knocking below, loud.*]

' *Spri.* Cape, to your post ; here they are, i'faith,
' a coachful ! Let's see, Mr. and Mrs. Cadwalla-
' der, and your flame, the sister, as I live !'

Cad. (*without.*) Pray, by the by, han't you a poet
above ?

(*Without.*) Higher up.

Cad. (*without.*) Egad, I wonder what makes your
poets have such an aversion to middle floors—they
are always to be found in extremities ; in garrets,
or cellars—

Enter Mr. and Mrs. CADWALLADER and ARABELLA.

Cad. Ah, Sprightly !

Spri. Hush !

Cad. Hey, what's the matter ?

Spri. Hard at it ; untwisting some knotty point ;
totally absorb'd !

Cad. Gadso ! what ! that's he ! Beck, Bell, there
he is, egad, as great a poet, and as ingenious a—
what's he about ?—Hebrew ?

Spri. Weaving the whole *Æneid* into a tragedy ;
I have been here this half hour, but he has not
mark'd me yet.

Cad. Cou'd not I take a peep ?

Spri. An earthquake wou'd not rouse him.

Cad. He seems in a damn'd passion.

Cape. The belt of Pallas, nor prayers, nor tears,
nor supplicating gods, shall save thee now.

Cad. Hey ! zounds ! what the devil ! who ?

Cape. — *Pallas! te hoc vulnere, Pallas immolat, & panam scelerato ex sanguine sumit!*

Cad. Damn your palace! I wish I was well out of your garret.

Cape. Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons: ladies, your most devoted. You will excuse me, Sir; but, being just on the catastrophe of my tragedy, I am afraid the poetic furor may have betray'd me into some indecency.

Spri. Oh, Mr. Cadwallader is too great a genius himself, not to allow for these intemperate sallies of a heated imagination.

Cad. Genius! Look you here! Mr. What's-your-name?

Cape. Cape.

Cad. Cape! True; tho' by the bye here, hey! you live devilish high; but perhaps you may chuse that for exercise, hey! Sprightly! Genius! Look'e here, Mr. Cape, I had as pretty natural parts, a fine talents!—but, between you and I, I had as damn'd fool of a guardian, an ignorant, illiterate, ecod—he cou'd as soon pay the national debt as write his own name, and so was resolv'd to make his ward no wiser than himself, I think.

Spri. O fie, Mr. Cadwallader, you don't do yourself justice.

Cape. Indeed, Sir, we must contradict you, we can't suffer this defamation. I have more than once heard Mr. Cadwallader's literary acquisitions loudly talk'd of.

Cad. Have you?—no, no, it cannot be, hey! tho', let me tell you, last winter, before I had the

measles, I cou'd have made as good a speech upon any subject, in Italian, French, German—but I am all unhing'd!—all—Oh Lord, Mr. Cape, this is Becky; my dear Becky, child, this is a great poet—ah, but she does not know what that is—a little foolish or so, but of a very good family—here, Becky, child, won't you ask Mr. Cape to come and see you?

Mrs. Cad. As Dicky says, I shall be glad to see you at our house, Sir.

Cape. I have too great a regard for my own happiness, Ma'am, to miss so certain an opportunity of creating it.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! what?

Cape. My inclinations, as well as my duty, I say, will compel me to obey your kind injunctions.

Mrs. Cad. What does he say, our Bell?

Arab. Oh, that he can have no greater pleasure than waiting on you.

Mrs. Cad. I'm sure that's more his goodness than my desert; but when you ben't better engag'd, we shou'd be glad of your company of an evening, to make one with our Dicky, sister Bell, and I, at whisk and swabbers.

Cad. Hey, ecod, do, Cape, come and look at her grotto and shells, and see what she has got—Well, he'll come, Beck—ecod do, and she'll come to the third night of your tragedy, hey! won't you, Beck?—Isn't she a fine girl? hey, you; humour her a little, do—Hey, Beck; he says you are as fine a woman as ever he—ecod, who knows but he may make

a copy of verses on you?—There, go and have a little chat with her, talk any nonsense to her, no matter what; she's a damn'd fool, and won't know the difference—there, go, Beck—Well, Sprightly, hey! what! are you and Bell like to come together? Oh, ecod, they tell me, Mr. Sprightly, that you have frequently lords, and viscounts, and earls, that take a dinner with you; now I shou'd look upon it as a very particular favour, if you wou'd invite me at the same time, hey! will you?

Spri. You may depend on it.

Cad. Will you? Gad, that's kind: for between you and I, Mr. Sprightly, I am of as ancient a family as the best of them; and people of fashion shou'd know one another, you know.

Spri. By all manner of means.

Cad. Hey! should not they so? When you have any lord or baron, nay, egad, if it be but a baronet or a member of parliament, I shou'd take it as a favour.

Spri. You will do them honour; they must all have heard of the antiquity of your house.

Cad. Antiquity! hey! Beck, where's my pedigree?

Mrs. Cad. Why, at home, lock'd up in the butler's pantry.

Cad. In the pantry! What the devil! how often have I bid you never come out without it?

Mrs. Cad. Lord! what signifies carrying such a lumbering thing about?

Cad. Signifies! you are a fool, Beck. Why, suppose we should have any disputes when we ar

abroad about precedence, how the devil shall we be able to settle it? But you shall see it at home. Oh Becky, come hither, we will refer our dispute to—

They go apart.

Arab. Well, Sir, your friend has prevail'd; and you are acquainted with my brother; but what use you propose—

Cape. The pleasure of a more frequent admission to you.

Arab. That all!

Cape. Who knows but a strict intimacy with Mr. Cadwallader may in time incline him to favour my hopes?

Arab. A sandy foundation!—Cou'd he be prevail'd upon to forgive your want of fortune; the obscurity, or at least uncertainty, of your birth, will prove an unsurmountable bar.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold, Beck;—zouns! you are so——

Spri. Well, but hear him out, Ma'am.

Cape. Consider, we have but an instant. What project? What advice?

Arab. O fie! You wou'd be asham'd to receive succour from a weak woman!—Poetry is your profession, you know; so that plots, contrivances, and all the powers of imagination, are more peculiarly your province.

Cape. Is this a season to rally?

Cad. Hold, hold, hold; ask Mr. Cape.

Arab. To be serious then; if you have any point to gain with my brother, your application must be to his better part.

Cape. I understand you; plough with the heifer?

Arab. A delicate allusion, on my word! but take this hint—Amongst her passions, admiration, or rather adoration, is the principal.

Cape. Oh! that is her foible?

Arab. One of them; against that fort you must plant your batteries—But here they are.

Mrs. Cad. I tell you, you are a nonsense man, and I won't agree to any such thing:---Why, what signifies a parliament man? You make such a rout, indeed.

Cad. Hold, Becky, my dear, don't be in a passion now, hold; let us reason the thing a little, my dear.

Mrs. Cad. I tell you I won't;---what's the man an oaf? I won't reason, I hate reason; and so there's an end on't.

Cad. Why then you are obstinate, ecod, perverse. Hey, but my dear now, Becky, that's a good girl:---Hey! come, hold, hold---Egad, we'll refer it to Mr. Cape.

Mrs. Cad. Defer it to who you will, it will signify nothing.

Cape. Bless me! what's the matter, Madam?---Sure, Mr. Cadwallader, you must have been to blame; no inconsiderable matter could have ruffled the natural softness of that tender and delicate mind.

Arab. Pretty well commenced.

Mrs. Cad. Why he's always a fool, I think; he

wants to send our little Dicky to school, and make him a parliament-man.

Cape. How old is master, Ma'am?

Mrs. Cad. Three years and a quarter, come Lady-day.

Cape. The intention is rather early!

Cad. Hey! early? hold, hold; but, Becky mistakes the thing—Egad, I'll tell you the whole affair.

Mrs. Cad. You had better hold your chattering, so you had.

Cad. Nay, prythee, my dear; Mr. Sprightly, do stop her mouth, hold, hold. The matter, Mr. Cape, is this. Have you ever seen my Dicky?

Cape. Never.

Cad. No! Hold, hold, egad he's a fine, a sensible child; I tell Becky he's like her, to keep her in humour; but, between you and I, he has more sense already than all her family put together. Hey! Becky, is not Dicky the picture of you? He's a sweet child. Now, Mr. Cape, you must know, I want to put little Dicky to school; now between---hey! you, hold, you, hold, the great use of a school is, hey! egad, for children to make acquaintances that may hereafter be useful to them: For between you and I, as to what they learn there, does not signify two-pence.

Cape. Not a farthing.

Cad. Does it, hey?---Now this is our dispute, whether poor little Dicky (he's a sweet boy) shall go to Mr. Quæ-Genius's at Edgware, and

make an acquaintance with my young Lord Knap, the eldest son of the Earl of Frize, or to Dr. Tickle-pitcher's at Barnet, to form a friendship with young Stocks, the rich broker's only child.

Cape. And for which does the lady determine?

Cad. Why I have told her the case!—says I, Becky, my dear, who knows, if Dicky goes to Quæ-Genius's, but my lord Knap may take such a fancy to him, that upon the death of his father, and he comes to be Earl of Frize, he may make poor little Dicky a member of parliament? Hey, Cape!

Mrs. Cad. Ay, but then if Dicky goes to Tickle-pitcher's, who can tell but young Stocks, when he comes to his fortune, may lend him money if he wants it?

Cad. And if he does not want it, he won't take after his father, hey! Well, what's your opinion, Mr. Cape?

Cape. Why, Sir, I can't but join with the lady; money is the main article; it is that that makes the mare to go.

Cad. Hey! egad, and the aldermen too, you: so Dicky may be a member, and a fig for my Lord: Well, Becky, be quiet, he shall stick to Stocks.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, let'n; I was sure as how I was right.

Cad. Well, hush, Becky. Mr. Cape, will you eat a bit with us to-day, hey! will you?

Cape. You command me.

Cad. That's kind: why then Becky and Bell shall step and order the cook to toss up a little nice—
Hey! will you, Becky? Do, and I'll bring Cape.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, with all my heart. Well, Mr. What-d'ye-call-um, the poet ; ecod the man's well enough—Your servant.

Cape. I am a little too much in dishabille to offer your ladyship my hand to your coach.

Cad. Psha ! never mind, I'll do it—Here you have company coming.

[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader and Arabella.*]

Enter GOVERNOR and ROBIN.

Cape. Ah, Mr. Robin !

Rob. Why, you have had a great levee this morning, Sir.

Cape. Ay, Robin, there's no obscuring extraordinary talents.

Rob. True, Sir ; and this friend of mine begs to claim the benefit of them.

Cape. Any friend of yours : but how can I be serviceable to him ?

Rob. Why, Sir, he is lately return'd from a profitable government ; and, as you know the unsatisfied mind of man, no sooner is one object possess'd, but another starts up to—

Cape. A truce to moralizing, dear Robin, to the matter ; I am a little busy.

Rob. In a word then, this gentleman, having a good deal of wealth, is desirous of a little honour.

Cape. How can I confer it ?

Rob. Your pen may.

Cape. I don't understand you.

Rob. Why touch him up a handsome complimen-

tary address from his colony, by way of praising the prudence of his administration, his justice, valour, benevolence, and——

Cape. I am sorry 'tis impossible for me now to misunderstand you. The obligations I owe you, Robin, nothing can cancel; otherwise, this would prove our last interview.—Your friend, Sir, has been a little mistaken, in recommending me as a person fit for your purpose. Letters have been always my passion, and indeed are now my profession; but tho' I am the servant of the public, I am not the prostitute of particulars: As my pen has never been ting'd with gall to gratify popular resentment, or private pique, so it shall never sacrifice its integrity to flatter pride, impose falsehood, or palliate guilt. Your merit may be great; but let those, Sir, be the heralds of your worth who are better acquainted with it.

Gov. Young man, I like your principles and spirit; your manly refusal gives more pleasure than any honours your papers could have procur'd me.

Spri. Now this business is dispatch'd, let us return to our own affairs——You dine at Cadwalader's?

Cape. I do.

Spri. Wou'd it not be convenient to you to have him out of the way?

Cape. Extremely.

Spri. I have a project that I think will prevail.

Cape. Of what kind?

Spri. Bordering upon the dramatic; but the time

is so pressing, I shall be at a loss to procure performers. Let's see—Robin is a sure card—a principal may easily be met with; but where the deuce can I get an interpreter?

Rob. Offer yourself, Sir; it will give you an opportunity of more closely inspecting the conduct of your son.

Gov. True. Sir, though a scheme of this sort may ill suit with my character and time of life, yet from a private interest I take in that gentleman's affairs, if the means are honourable.

Spri. Innocent, upon my credit.

Gov. Why then, Sir, I have no objection, if you think me equal to the task—

Spri. Most happily fitted for it. I should not have taken the liberty—But hush! he's return'd.

Enter CADWALLADER.

Spri. My dear friend! the luckiest circumstance!

Cad. Hey! how? Stay, hey!

Spri. You see that gentleman?

Cad. Well, hey!

Spri. Do you know who he is?

Cad. Not I.

Spri. He is interpreter to Prince Potowowsky.

Cad. Wowsky!—Who the devil is he?

Spri. Why the Tartarian prince that's come over ambassador from the Cham of the Calmucks.

Cad. Indeed!

Spri. His highness has just sent me an invitation to dine with him: now every body that dines with

a Tartarian lord has a right to carry with him what the Latins call'd his *umbra*; in their language it is *jablanousky*.

Cad. *Jablanousky*! well.

Spri. Now if you will go in that capacity, I shall be glad of the honour.

Cad. Hey! why, wou'd you carry me to dine with his royal highness?

Spri. With pleasure.

Cad. My dear friend, I shall take it as the greatest favour, the greatest obligation—I shall never be able to return it.

Spri. Don't mention it.

Cad. Hey! but hold, hold, how the devil shall I get off with the poet! You know I have ask'd him to dinner.

Spri. Oh, the occasion will be apology sufficient; besides, there will be the ladies to receive him.

Cad. My dear Mr. Cape, I beg ten thousand pardons! but here your friend is invited to dinner with Prince—— what the devil is his name?

Spri. *Potowowsky*.

Cad. True; now, Sir, ecod he has been so kind as to offer to carry me as his *jablanousky*, wou'd you be so good to excuse——

Cape. By all means; not a word, I beg.

Cad. That is exceeding kind; I'll come to you after dinner; hey! stay, but is there any ceremony to be used with his highness?

Spri. You dine upon carpets, cross-legg'd.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, cross-legg'd! zounds! that's odd; well, well, you shall teach me.

Spri. And his highness is particularly pleased with those amongst his guests that do honour to his country soup.

Cad. Oh! let me alone for that :—But should not I dress?

Spri. No; there's no occasion for it.

Cad. Dear friend, forgive me; nothing shou'd take me from you, but being a hobblinwisky. Well, I'll go and study to sit cross-legg'd, till you call me.

Spri. Do so.

Cad. His Highness Potowowsky! This is the luckiest accident! [Exit.

Cape. Ha, ha, ha!—but how will you conduct your enterprise?

Spri. We'll carry him to your friend Robin's; dress up one of the under actors in a ridiculous habit; this gentleman shall talk a little gibberish with him. I'll compose a soup of some nauseous ingredients; let me alone to manage. But do you choose, Sir, the part we have assign'd?

Gov. As it seems to be but a harmless piece of mirth, I have no objection.

Spri. Well then, let us about it; come, Sir.

Cape. Mr. Sprightly?

Spri. What's the matter?

Cape. Wou'd it not be right to be a little spruce, a little smart, upon this occasion?

Spri. No doubt; dress, dress, man; no time is to be lost.

Cape. Well, but, Jack, I cannot say that at present I—

Spr. Prithee explain. What would you say ?

Cape. Why then, I cannot say that I have any other garments at home.

Spr. Oh, I understand you ; is that all ? Here, here, take my——

Cape. Dear Sprightly, I am quite ashamed, and sorry.

Spr. That's not so obliging, George ; what, sorry to give me the greatest pleasure that—But I have no time for speeches, I must run to get ready my soup. Come, gentlemen.

Rob. Did you observe, Sir ?

Gov. Most feelingly ! But it will soon be over.

Rob. Courage, Sir ; times perhaps may change.

Cape. A poor prospect, Robin ! But this scheme of life at last must be changed : for what spirit, with the least spark of generosity, can support a life of eternal obligation and disagreeable drudgery ? Inclination not consulted, genius cramp'd, and talents misapply'd !

What prospect have those authors to be read,
Whose daily writings earn their daily bread.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

YOUNG CAPE and Mrs. CADWALLADER, at cards.

Mrs. Cadwallader.

YOU want four, and I two, and my deal: now, knave noddly—no, hearts be trumps.

Cape. I beg.

Mrs. Cad. Will you stock 'em?

Cape. Go on, if you please, Madam.

Mrs. Cad. Hearts again—one, two, three; one, two—hang 'em, they won't slip, three. Diamonds—the two: Have you higher than the queen?

Cape. No, Madam.

Mrs. Cad. Then there's highest—and lowest, by gosh. Games are even; you are to deal.

Cape. Psha, hang cards; there are other amusements better suited to a *tête-à-tête*, than any of the four aces can afford us.

Mrs. Cad. What pastimes be they?—We ben't enough for hunt the whistle nor blind-man's buff: but I'll call our Bell and Robin the butler. Dicky will be here by an bye.

Cape. Hold a minute. I have a game to propose, where the presence of a third person, especially Mr. Cadwallader's, wou'd totally ruin the sport.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, what can that be?

Cape. Can't you guess?

Mrs. Cad. Not I; questions and commands, mayhap.

Cape. Not absolutely that—some little resemblance; for I am to request, and you are to command.

Mrs. Cad. Oh daisy! that's charming, I never play'd at that in all my born days; come, begin then.

Cape. Can you love me?

Mrs. Cad. Love you! But is it in jest or earnest?

Cape. That is as you please to determine.

Mrs. Cad. But mayn't I ask you questions too?

Cape. Doubtless.

Mrs. Cad. Why then, do you love me?

Cape. With all my soul.

Mrs. Cad. Upon your sayso?

Cape. Upon my sayso.

Mrs. Cad. I'm glad on't with all my heart. This is the rarest pastime!

Cape. But you have not answer'd my question.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! that's true. Why, I believe there's no love lost.

Cape. So; our game will soon be over; I shall be up at a deal. I wish I mayn't be engaged to play deeper here than I intended tho'. [Aside.

Mrs. Cad. Well, now 'tis your turn.

Cape. True, ay; but, zooks, you are too hasty; the pleasure of this play, like hunting, does not consist in immediately chopping the prey.

Mrs. Cad. No! how then?

Cape. Why, first I am to start you, then run you

a little in view, then lose you, then unravel all the tricks and doubles you make to escape me.

You fly o'er hedge and stile,

I pursue for many a mile :

You grow tir'd at last, and quat ;

Then I catch you, and all that.

Mrs. Cad. Dear me, there's a deal on't ! I shall never be able to hold out long ; I had rather be taken in view.

Cape. I believe you.

Mrs. Cad. Well, come, begin and start me, that I may come the sooner to quattung—Hush ! here's sister ; what the deuse brought her ? Bell will be for learning this game too ; but don't you teach her for your life, Mr. Poet.

Enter ARABELLA.

Arab. Your mantua-maker, with your new sack, sister.

Mrs. Cad. Is that all ? She might have staid, I think.

Arab. What ? You were better engaged ? But don't be angry, I am sorry I interrupted you.

Mrs. Cad. Hey ! Now will I be hang'd if she ben't jealous of Mr. Poet ; but I'll listen, and see the end on't I am resolved. *[Aside, and exit.]*

Arab. Are you concern'd at the interruption too ?

Cape. It was a very seasonable one, I promise you ; had you staid a little longer, I don't know what might have been the consequence.

Arab. No danger to your person, I hope.

Cape. Some little attacks upon it.

Arab. Which were as feebly resisted.

Cape. Why, consider, my dear Bell, tho' your sister is a fool, she is a fine woman, and flesh is frail.

Arab. Dear Bell! and flesh is frail! We are grown strangely familiar, I think.

Cape. Hey-day? In what corner sits the wind now?

Arab. Where it may possibly blow strong enough to upset your hopes.

Cape. That a breeze of your breath can do.

Arab. Affected!

Cape. You are obliging, Madam; but pray, what is the meaning of all this?

Arab. Ask your own guilty conscience.

Cape. Were I inclined to flatter myself, this little passion wou'd be no bad presage.

Arab. You may prove a false prophet.

Cape. Let me die if I know what to—but to descend to a little common sense; what part of my conduct—

Arab. Look'ee, Mr. Cape, all explanations are unnecessary: I have been lucky enough to discover your disposition before it is too late; and so you know there's no occasion—but, however, I'll not be any impediment to you: my sister will be back immediately; I suppose my presence will only—but consider, Sir, I have a brother's honour—

Cape. Which is as safe from me, as if it was lock'd up in your brother's closet; but surely, Madam,

you are a little capricious here ; have I done any thing but obey your directions ?

Arab. That was founded upon a supposition that— but no matter.

Cape. That, what ?

Arab. Why, I was weak enough to believe what you was wicked enough to protest—

Cape. That I loved you ; and what reason have I given you to doubt it ?

Arab. A pretty situation I found you in at my entrance.

Cape. An assumed warmth, for the better concealing the fraud.

Mrs. Cad. What's that ? *[Aside, list'ning.*

Cape. Surely, if you doubted my constancy, you must have a better opinion of my understanding.

Mrs. Cad. Mighty well. *[Aside.*

Cape. What an idiot, a driveler ! no consideration upon earth, but my paving the way to the possession of you, could have prevailed upon me to support her folly a minute.

Enter Mrs. CADWALLADER.

Mrs. Cad. Soh ! Mr. Poet, you are a pretty gentleman, indeed ; ecod, I'm glad I have caught you. I'm not such a fool as you think for, man ; but here will be Dicky presently ; he shall hear of your tricks, he shall : I'll let him know what a pretty person he he has got in his house.

Cape. There's no parrying this ; had not I better decamp ?

Arab. And leave me to the mercy of the enemy? my brother's temper is so odd, there's no knowing in what light he'll see this.

Mrs. Cad. Oh, he's below, I hear him. Now we shall hear what he'll say to you, Madam.

*Enter CADWALLADER, GOVERNOR, SPRIGHTLY,
and ROBIN.*

Cad. No, pray walk in, Mr. Interpreter, between you and I, I like his royal highness mightily; he's a polite, pretty, well-bred gentleman—but damn his soup.

Gov. Why, Sir, you eat as if you lik'd it.

Cad. Lik'd it! hey, egad, I would not eat another mess to be his master's prime minister; as bitter as gall, and as black as my hat; and there have I been sitting these two hours with my legs under me till they are both as dead as a herring.

Cape. Your dinner displeas'd you?

Cad. Displeas'd! hey! Look'e, Mr. Sprightly, I'm mightily obliged to you for the honour; but hold, hold, you shall never persuade me to be a hobblinwisky again, if the great Cham of the Calmucks were to come over himself. Hey! and what a damn'd language he has got? Whee, haw, haw! but you speak it very fluently.

Gov. I was long resident in the country.

Cad. May be so, but he seems to speak it better; you have a foreign kind of an accent, you don't sound it thro' the nose so well as he. Hey! well,

Becky, what, and how have you entertain'd Mr. Cape?

Mrs. Cad. Oh! here have been fine doings since you have been gone.

Cape. So, now comes on the storm.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, what has been the matter?

Mrs. Cad. Matter! why, the devil is in the poet, I think.

Cad. The devil! hold.

Mrs. Cad. Why, here he has been making love to me like bewitch'd.

Cad. How! which way?

Mrs. Cad. Why, some on't was out of his poetry, I think.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, egad I believe he's a little mad: this morning he took me for king Turnus, you; now, who can tell but this afternoon he may take you for queen Dido?

Mrs. Cad. And there he told me I was to run, and to double and quat, and there he was to catch me, and all that.

Cad. Hold, hold, catch you? Mr. Cape, I take it very unkindly; it was, d'ye see, a very unfriendly thing to make love to Becky in my absence.

Cape. But, Sir——

Cad. And it was the more ungenerous, Mr. Cape, to take this advantage, as you know she is but a foolish woman.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, me, who am but a foolish woman.

Cape. But hear me.

Cad. A poor, ignorant, illiterate, poor Becky?
And for a man of your parts to attack——

Cape. There's no——

Cad. Hold, hold; ecod, it is just as if the Grand Signor, at the head of his janisaries, was to kick a chimney-sweeper.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! what's that you say, Dicky; what, be I like a chimney-sweeper?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold. Zounds! no, Beck! hey! no: that's only by way of simile, to let him see I understand his tropes and figures as well as himself, egad! and therefore!——

Spri. Nay, but Mr. Cadwallader——

Cad. Don't mention it, Mr. Sprightly; he is the first poet I ever had in my house, except the bell-man for a Christmas-box.

Spri. Good Sir.

Cad. And hold, hold; I am resolved he shall be the last,

Spri. I have but one way to silence him.

Cad. And let me tell you——

Spri. Nay, Sir, if I must tell him; he owes his reception here to my recommendation; any abuse of your goodness, any breach of hospitality here, he is answerable to me for.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, so he is, ecod: at him; give it him home.

Spri. Ungrateful monster! and is this your return, for the open, generous treatment——

Mrs. Cad. As good fry'd cow-heel, with a roast fowl and sausages, as ever came to a table.

Cad. Hush, Beck, hush!—

Spri. And cou'd you find no other object but Mr. Cadwallader; a man, perhaps, possess'd of a genius superior to your own—

Cad. If I had had a university-education—

Spri. And of a family as old as the creation.

Cad. Older—Beck, fetch the pedigree.

Spri. Thus far relates to this gentleman; but now, Sir, what apology can you make me, who was your passport, your security?

Cad. Zounds, none; fight him.

Spri. Fight him?

Cad. Ay, do; I'd fight him myself, if I had not had the measles last winter; but stay till I get out of the room.

Spri. No: he's sure of a protection here, the presence of the ladies.

Cad. Psha, pox! they belong to the family, never mind them.

Spri. Well, Sir, are you dumb? No excuse? No palliation?

Cad. Ay, no palliation?

Mrs. Cad. Ay, no tribulation? 'Tis a shame, so it is.

Cape. When I have leave to speak—

Cad. Speak! what the devil can you say?

Cape. Nay, Sir—

Spri. Let's hear him, Mr. Cadwallader, however.

Cad. Hold, hold; come, begin then.

Cape. And first to you, Mr. Sprightly, as you seem most interested; pray, does this charge cor-

respond with any other action of my life, since I have had the honour to know you ?

Spri. Indeed, I can't say that I recollect ; but still as the scholiasts—*Nemo repente turpissimus.*

Cad. Hold, hold ; what's that ?

Spri. Why, that is as much as to say, this is bad enough.

Mrs. Cad. By gosh ! and so it is.

Cad. Ecod, and so it is : speak a little more Latin to him ; if I had been bred at the university, you shou'd have it both sides of your ears.

Cape. A little patience, gentlemen : now, Sir, to you. You were pleased yourself to drop a few hints of your lady's weakness ; might not she take too seriously what was meant as a mere matter of merriment ?

Cad. Hey ! hold, hold.

Spri. A paltry excuse ; can any woman be such a fool as not to know when a man has a design upon her person ?

Cad. Answer that, Mr. Cape, hey ! Answer that.

Cape. I can only answer for the innocence of my own intentions ; may not your lady, apprehensive of my becoming too great a favourite, contrive this charge with a view of destroying the connection—

Spri. Connection !

Cad. Hey ! hold, hold, connection.

Spri. There's something in that—

Cad. Hey ! is there ? Hold, hold, hey ! egad, he is right—You're right, Mr. Cape ; hold, Becky, my dear, how the devil could you be so wicked,

hey! child; ecod, hold, hold, how could you have the wickedness to attempt to destroy the connection!

Mrs. Cad. I don't know what you say.

Cad. D'ye hear? You are an incendiary, but you have miss'd your point; the connection shall be only the stronger: My dear friend, I beg ten thousand pardons, I was too hasty; but, ecod, Becky's to blame.

Cape. The return of your favour has effac'd every other impression.

Cad. There's a good-natur'd creature!

Cape. But if you have the least doubts remaining, this lady, your sister, I believe, will do me the justice to own—

Mrs. Cad. Ay, ask my fellow if I be a thief.

Cad. What the devil is Becky at now?

Mrs. Cad. She's as bad as he.

Cad. Bad as he!—Hey! how! what the devil, she did not make love to you too? Stop, hey! hold, hold, hold.

Mrs. Cad. Why no, foolish; but you are always running on with your riggmonrowles, and won't stay to hear a body's story out.

Cad. Well, Beck, come, let's have it.

Mrs. Cad. Be quiet then; why, as I was telling you, first he made love to me, and wanted me to be a hare!

Cad. A hare! hold, ecod, that was whimsical; a hare! hey! oh, ecod, that might be because he thought you a little hair-brain'd ahead; Becky, a

damn'd good story. Well, Becky, go on, let's have it out.

Mrs. Cad. No, I won't tell you no more, so I won't.

Cad. Nay, prythee, Beck.

Mrs. Cad. Hold your tongue then :—and so there he was going on with his nonsense, and so in came our Bell ; and so—

Cad. Hold, hold, Becky ;—damn your so's ; go on, child, but leave out your so's ; 'tis a low—hold, hold, vular—but go on.

Mrs. Cad. Why, how can I go on when you stop me every minute ? Well, and then our Bell came in and interrupted him ; and methought she looked very frumpish and jealous.

Cad. Well.

Mrs. Cad. And so I went out and listen'd.

Cad. So ; what you stay'd and listen'd ?

Mrs. Cad. No ; I tell you, upon my staying, she went out ; no—upon my going out, she staid.

Cad. This is a damn'd blind story ; but go on, Beck.

Mrs. Cad. And then at first she scolded him roundly for making love to me ; and then he said as how she advised him to it ; and then she said no ; and then he said—

Cad. Hold, hold ; we shall never understand all these he's and she's ; this may all be very true, Beck, but hold, hold ; as I hope to be sav'd, thou art the worst teller of a story—

Mrs. Cad. Well, I have but a word more; and then he said as how I was a great fool.

Cad. Not much mistaken in that. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Cad. And that he would not have staid with me a minute, but to pave the way to the possession of she.

Cad. Well, Beck, well?

Mrs. Cad. And so—that's all.

Cad. Make love to her, in order to get possession of you?

Mrs. Cad. Love to me, in order to get she.

Cad. Hey! Oh, now, I begin to understand. Hey! What! is this true, Bell? Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, I begin to smoke, hey! Mr. Cape?

Cape. How shall I act?

Rob. Own it, Sir; I have a reason.

Cad. Well, what say you, Mr. Cape? Let's have it without equivocation; or, hold, hold, hold, mental reservation. Guilty, or not?

Cape. Of what, Sir?

Cad. Of what! Hold, hold, of making love to Bell.

Cape. Guilty.

Cad. Hey! how! Hold, zounds! No, what, not with an intention to marry her?

Cape. With the lady's approbation, and your kind consent.

Cad. Hold, hold; what my consent to marry you?

Cape. Ay, Sir.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold; what our Bell to mix the

blood of the Cadwalladers with the puddle of a poet?

Cape. Sir!

Cad. A petty, paltry, ragged, rhiming—

Spri. But Mr—

Cad. A scribbling; hold, hold, hold—garrateer, that has no more cloaths than backs, no more heads than hats, and no shoes to his feet.

Spri. Nay, but—

Cad. The offspring of a dunghill! born in a cellar. Hold, hold—and living in a garret! a fungus! a mushroom!

Cape. Sir, my famliy—

Cad. Your family! Hold, hold, hold—Peter, fetch the pedigree; I'll show you—Your family! a little obscure—hold, hold, I don't believe you ever had a grandfather—

Enter PETER with the Pedigree.

There it is; there; Peter, help me to stretch it out: there's seven yards more of lineals, besides three of collaterals, that I expect next Monday from the herald's office; d'ye see, Mr. Sprightly?

Spri. Prodigious!

Cad. Nay; but looky', there's Welsh princes and ambassadors, and kings of Scotland, and members of parliament: Hold, hold, ecod, I no more mind an earl or a lord in my pedigree, hold, hold, than Kuli Khan wou'd a serjeant in the train'd bands.

Spri. An amazing descent!

Cad. Hey! is it not? And for this low, lousy, son

of a shoemaker, to talk of families—hold, hold, get out of my house.

Rob. Now is your time, Sir.

Cad. Mr. Sprightly, turn him out.

Gov. Stop, Sir, I have a secret to disclose, that may make you alter your intentions.

Cad. Hold, hold : how, Mr. Interpreter ?

Gov. You are now to regard that young man in a very different light, and consider him as my son.

Cape Your son, Sir !

Gov. In a moment, George, the mystery shall be explain'd.

Cad. Your son ! Hold, hold ; and what then ?

Gov. Then ! Why then he is no longer the scribbler, the mushroom you have described ; but of birth and fortune equal to your own.

Cad. What ! the son of an interpreter equal to me. A fellow that trudges about, teaching of languages to foreign counts !

Gov. A teacher of languages !

Cad. Stay ; ecod, a runner to Monsieus and Marquisses !

Spri. You are mistaken, Sir.

Cad. A jack-pudding ! that takes fillips on the nose for sixpence a-piece ; Hold, hold, ecod, give me eighteen-pennyworth, and change for half-a-crown.

Gov. Stop when you are well.

Cad. A spunger at other mens tables ! that has jallop put into his beer, and his face black'd at Christmas for the diversion of children.

Gov. I can hold no longer. 'Sdeath, Sir, who is it you dare treat in this manner?

Cad. Hey! Zounds, Mr. Sprightly, lay hold of him.

Spri. Calm your choler. Indeed, Mr. Cadwallader, nothing cou'd excuse your behaviour to this gentleman but your mistaking his person.

Cad. Hold, hold. Is not he interpreter to—

Spri. No.

Cad. Why did not you tell—

Spri. That was a mistake. This gentleman is the prince's friend; and by long residence in the monarch's country, is perfect master of the language.

Cad. But who the devil is he then?

Spri. He is Mr. Cape, Sir; a man of unblemish'd honour, capital fortune, and late governor of one of our most considerable settlements,

Cad. Governor! Hold, hold, and how came you father to—hey!—

Gov. By marrying his mother.

Cape. But how am I to regard this?

Gov. As a solemn truth; that foreign friend, to whom you owe your education, was no other than myself: I had my reasons, perhaps capricious ones, for concealing this; but now they cease, and I am proud to own my son.

Cape. Sir; it is not for me (*kneeling*), but if gratitude, duty, filial—

Gov. Rise, my boy. I have ventured far to fix thy fortune, George; but to find thee worthy of it,

more than o'erpays my toil; the rest of my story shall be reserv'd till we are alone.

Cad. Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, a good sensible old fellow this; but harky', Sprightly, I have made a damn'd blunder here: Hold, hold, Mr. Governor, I ask ten thousand pardons; but who the devil cou'd have thought that the interpreter to prince Potowowsky——

Gov. Oh, Sir, you have in your power sufficient means to atone for the injuries done us both.

Cad. Hold, how?

Gov. By bestowing your sister with, I flatter myself, no great violence to her inclinations, here.

Cad. What, marry Bell! Hey! Hold, hold; zounds, Bell, take him, do; 'ecod, he's a good likely——hey! Will you?

Arab. I shan't disobey you, Sir.

Cad. Shan't you? That's right. Who the devil knows but he may come to be a governor himself; hey! Hold, hold; come here then, give me your hands both, (*joins their hands.*) There, there, the business is done. And now, brother governor—

Gov. And now brother Cadwallader.

Cad. Hey! Beck, here's something now for my pedigree; we'll pop in the Governor to-morrow.

Mrs. Cad. Hark'y, Mr. Governor, can you give me a black boy and a monkey?

Cad. Hey! ay, ay, you shall have a black boy, and a monkey, and a parrot too, Beck.

Spri. Dear George, I am a little late in my congratulation; but——

Gov. Which if he is in acknowledging your disinterested friendship, I shall be sorry I ever own'd him. Now, Robin, my cares are over, and my wishes full; and if George remains as untainted by affluence as he has been untempted by distress, I have given the poor a protector, his country an advocate, and the world a friend.

[*Excunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY A LADY.

SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE.

WELL—thank my stars, that I have done my task;
And now throw off this aukward, idiot mask.

Cou'd we suppose this circle, so refin'd,
Who seek those pleasures that improve the mind,
Cou'd from such vulgarisms feel delight,
Or laugh at characters so unpolite?

Who come to plays, to see, and to be seen;
Not to hear things that shock, or give the spleen;
Who shun an opera, when they hear 'tis thin. }

“ Lord! do you know?” says lady Bell—I'm told

“ That Jacky Dapple got so great a cold

“ Last Tuesday night—There wa'n't a creature
there;

“ Not a male thing to hand one to one's chair.

“ Divine Mingotti! what a swell has she? }

“ O! such a sustinuto upon B!

“ Ma'am, when she's quite in voice, she'll go to C. }

“ Lord! says my lady English—here's a pothel!

“ Go where she will, I'll never see another.”

Her ladyship, half-choak'd with London air,
And brought to town to see the sights—and stare.

EPILOGUE.

Fine singing that!—I'm sure 'tis more like screaming ;

“ To me, I vow, they're all a pack of women !”

“ Oh Barbare!—Inhumana!—Tramontane!—

“ Does not this creature come from Pudding-Lane ?

“ Look, look, my lord ! She goggles ! Ha, ha.”—

“ Pray, be quiet ;

“ Dear lady Bell, for shame ! You'll make a riot.”

“ Why, will they mix with us to make this rout ?

“ Bring in a bill, my lord, to keep 'em out.”

“ We'll have a taste a't, faith !”—my lord replied ;

“ And shut out all that are not qualified.”

Thus ridicule is bounded like a ball,

Struck by the great, then answer'd by the small ;

While we, at times, return it to you all. }

A skilful hand will ne'er your rage provoke :

For tho' it hits you, you'll applaud the stroke :

Let it but only glance, you'll never frown ;

Nay, you'll forgive, tho't knocks your neighbour
down.

cream-

n!"

Lane?
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our

PARSONS'S MINOR THEATRE.



Waller del.

Printed for J. BARNES, at Pall-mall, the 10th April 1734.

Original in.

THE MAYOR OF GARRATT.

A COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL HAY-MARKET.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London :

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,
FOR J. PARSONS, NO 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1794.

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THE MAYOR OF GARRATT.

THIS diverting comedy came from the pen of Mr. Samuel Foote; and at the Theatre Royal in the Haymarket, in the year 1763, it was first brought before the Town.

Major Sturgeon was meant to expose to deserved ridicule a well-known fishmonger, and a man of war, of boasting memory. The character was allowed to be drawn with spirit and point; nor was the satirist less happy in exhibiting his picture on the stage, than he had been successful in preparing it for that end, in the study.

In the Major, of the Elder Bannister, that veteran of the scene, presents his audience with a fine imitation of Foote's voice and manner.

The Jerry Sneak, of his son, is, beyond comparison, the best the stage has witnessed since the days of poor Tom Weston.

25th March.

T. B.

Dramatis Personae.

HAY-MARKET.

Men.

Sir Jacob Jollup,	-	MR. WALDRON
Major Sturgeon,	-	MR. BANNISTER
Jerry Sneak,	-	MR. J. BANNISTER
Crispin Heel-tap,	-	MR. BURTON
Bruin,	-	MR. BENSON
Lint,	-	MR. LEDGER
Roger,	-	MR. WALDRON, jun.
Snuffle,	-	MR. LYONS
Matthew Mug,	-	MR. EVATT.

Women.

Mrs. Sneak,	-	MRS. WEBB
Mrs. Bruin,	-	MRS. BOOTH.



THE MAYOR OF GARRATT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Sir Jacob's house at Garratt.*

Enter Sir JACOB.

Sir Jacob.

ROGER—

Enter ROGER.

Reg. Anan, Sir—

Sir Jac. Sir, sirrah! and why not Sir Jacob, you rascal? Is that all your manners? Has his Majesty dubb'd me a Knight for you to make me a Mister? Are the candidates near upon coming?

Reg. Nic Goose the taylor from Putney, they say, will be here in a crack, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Has Margery fetch'd in the linen?

Reg. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Are the pigs and the poultry lock'd up in the barn?

Rog. Safe, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And the plate and spoons in the pantry?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then give me the key: the mob will soon be upon us; and all is fish that comes to their net. Has Ralph laid the cloth in the hall?

Rog. Yes Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then let him bring out the turkey and chine, and be sure there is plenty of mustard; and, d'ye hear, Roger, do you stand yourself at the gate, and be careful who you let in.

Rog. I will, Sir Jacob.

[*Exit Rog.*]

Sir Jac. So, now I believe things are pretty secure; but I can't think what makes my daughters so late ere they——

[*Knocking at the Gate.*]

Who is that, Roger?

Rog. (*without.*) Master Lint the pottercarrier, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Let him in. What the deuse can he want?

Enter LINT.

Sir Jac. Well, Master Lint, your will?

Lint. Why, I come, Sir Jacob, partly to inquire after your health and partly, as I may say, to settle the business of the day.

Sir Jac. What business?

Lint. Your worship knoweth, this being the day of election, the rabble may be riotous; in which

case, maims, bruises, contusions, dislocations, fractures simple and compound, may likely ensue: now your worship need not be told, that I am not only a pharmacopolist, or vender of drugs, but likewise chirurgeon, or healer of wounds.

Sir Jac. True, Master Lint, and equally skilful in boh.

Lint. It is your worship's pleasure to say so, Sir Jacob. Is it your worship's will that I lend a ministering hand to the maim'd?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Lint. And to whom must I bring in my bill?

Sir Jac. Doubtless the vestry.

Lint. Your worship knows, that, kill or cure, I have contracted to physic the parish-poor by the great: but this must be a separate charge.

Sir Jac. No, no; all under one: come, Master Lint, don't be unreasonable.

Lint. Indeed, Sir Jacob, I can hardly afford it. What with the dearness of drugs, and the number of patients the peace has procured me, I can't get salt to my porridge.

Sir Jac. Bad this year, better the next.—We must take things rough and smooth as they run.

Lint. Indeed I have a very hard bargain.

Sir Jac. No such matter; we are, neighbour Lint, a little better instructed. Formerly, indeed, a fit of illness was very expensive; but now physic is cheaper than food.

Lint. Marry, heaven forbid!

Sir Jac. No, no; your essences, elixirs, emetics, sweats, drops, and your pastes, and your pills, have silenc'd your pestles and mortars. Why, a fever that would formerly have cost you a fortune, you may now cure for twelve penn'orth of powder.

Lint. Or kill, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And then as to your scurvies, and gouts, rheumatisms, consumptions, coughs and catarrhs, tar-water and turpentine will make you as sound as a roach.

Lint. Nostrums.

Sir Jac. Specifics, specifics, Master Lint.

Lint. I am very sorry to find a man of your worship's—Sir Jacob, a promoter of puffs; an encourager of quacks, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Regulars, Lint, regulars; look at their names—Roger, bring me the news—not a soul of them but is either P. L. or M. D.

Lint. Plaguy liars; murderous dogs.

ROGER *brings the News.*

Sir Jac. Liars! Here, look at the list of their cures. The oath of Margery Squab, of Ratcliff-Highway, spinster.

Lint. Perjuries.

Sir Jac. And see here, the churchwardens have signed it.

Lint. Fictitious, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Sworn, before the worshipful Mr. Justice Drowsy, this thirteenth day of—

Lint. Forgery.

Sir Jac. Why, hark'ye, sirrah, do you think Mr. Justice Drowsy would set his hand to a forgery?

Lint. I know, Sir Jacob, that woman; she has been cured of fifty diseases in a fortnight, and every one of 'em mortal.

Sir Jac. You impudent—

Lint. Of a dropsy, by West—

Sir Jac. Audacious—

Lint. A cancer by Cleland—

Sir Jac. Arrogant—

Lint. A palsy, by Walker—

Sir Jac. Impertinent—

Lint. Gout and sciatic, by Rock—

Sir Jac. Insolent—

Lint. Consumption, by Stevens's drops—

Sir Jac. Paltry—

Lint. And squinting by the Chevalier Taylor.—

Sir Jac. Pill-gilding puppy!

Lint. And as to the justice, so the affidavit brings him a shilling—

Sir Jac. Why, hark'ye, rascal, how dare you abuse the commission?—You blood-letting, tooth-drawing, corn-cutting, worm-killing, blistering, glistening—

Lint. Bless me, Sir Jacob, I did not think to—

Sir Jac. What, sirrah, do you insult me in my office? Here, Roger, out with him—Turn him out.

Lint. Sir as I hope to be—

Sir Jac. Away with him. You scoundrel, if my clerk was within, I'd send you this instant to Bridewell. Things are come to a pretty pass indeed, if

after all my reading in Wood, and Nelson, and Burn; if after twenty years attendance at turnpike-meetings, sessions, petty and quarter; if after settling of rates, licensing ale-houses, and committing of vagrants—But all respect to authority is lost, and *Unus Quorum*, now-a-days, is no more regarded than a petty constable. (*Knocking.*) Roger, see who is at the gate? Why, the fellow is deaf.

Rog. Justice Sturgeon, the fishmonger, from Brentford.

Sir Jac. Gad's my life! and Major to the Middlesex militia. Usher him in, Roger.

Enter Major STURGEON.

Sir Jac. I could have wish'd you had come a little sooner, Major Sturgeon.

Maj. Why, what has been the matter, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. There has, Major, been here an impudent pill-monger, who has dared to scandalize the whole body of the bench.

Maj. Insolent companion! had I been here, I would have mittimus'd the rascal at once.

Sir Jac. No, no, he wanted the Major more than the Magistrate; a few smart strokes from your cane would have fully answer'd the purpose.—Well, Major, our wars are done; the rattling drum and squeaking fife now wound our ears no more.

Maj. True, Sir Jacob, our corps is disembodied, so the French may sleep in security.

Sir Jac. But, Major, was it not rather late in life, for you, to enter upon the profession of arms?

Maj. A little awkward in the beginning, Sir Jacob: the great difficulty they had was to get me to turn out my toes; but use—use reconciles all them kind of things: why, after my first campaign, I no more minded the noise of the guns than a flea-bite.

Sir Jac. No!

Maj. No. There is more made of these matters than they merit. For the general good, indeed, I am glad of the peace; but as to my single self—And yet we have had some desperate duty, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. No doubt.

Maj. Oh such marchings and counter-marchings! from Brentford to Elin, from Elin to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge: The dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating—Why, there was our last expedition to Hounslow, that day's work carried off Major Molossas. Bunhill-fields never saw a braver commander! He was an irreparable loss to the service.

Sir Jac. How came that about?

Maj. Why, it was partly the Major's own fault: I advised him to pull off his spurs before he went upon action; but he was resolute, and would not be rul'd.

Sir Jac. Spirit; zeal for the service.

Maj. Doubtless—But to proceed: In order to get our men in good spirits, we were quarter'd at Thistleworth the evening before; at day-break, our regiment form'd at Hounslow town's end, as it might be about here. The Major made a fine disposition: on we march'd, the men all in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging; but turning

down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to possess a pig's sty, that we might take the gallows in flank, and at all events secure a retreat, who should come by but a drove of fat oxen for Smithfield. The drums beat in the front, the dogs bark'd in the rear, the oxen set up a gallop: on they came thundering upon us, broke through our ranks in an instant, and threw the whole corps in confusion.

Sir Jac. Terrible!

Maj. The Major's horse took to his heels; away he scour'd over the heath. That gallant commander stuck both his spurs into the flank, and for some time held by his mane; but in crossing a ditch, the horse threw up his head, gave the Major a dowse in the chops, and plump'd him into a gravel-pit, just by the powder-mills.

Sir Jac. Dreadful!

Maj. Whether from the fall or the fright, the Major mov'd off in a month—Indeed it was an unfortunate day for us all.

Sir Jac. As how?

Maj. Why, as Captain Cucumber, Lieutenant Patty-Pan, Ensign Tripe, and myself, were returning to town in the Turnham-Green stage, we were stopp'd near the Hammersmith turnpike, and robb'd and stripp'd by a footpad.

Sir Jac. An unfortunate day indeed!

Maj. But in some measure to make me amends, I got the Major's commission.

Sir Jac. You did.

Maj. O yes. I was the only one of the corps that could ride; otherwise we always succeeded of course: no jumping over heads; no underhand work among us; all men of honour; and I must do the regiment the justice to say, there never was a set of more amiable officers.

Sir Jac. Quiet and peaceable.

Maj. As lambs, Sir Jacob. Excepting one boxing-bout at the Three Compasses in Acton, between Captain Sheers and the Colonel, concerning a game at all-fours, I don't remember a single dispute.

Sir Jac. Why, that was mere mutiny; the Captain ought to have been broke.

Maj. He was: for the Colonel not only took away his cockade, but his custom; and I don't think poor Captain Sheers has done a stitch for him since.

Sir Jac. But you soon supplied the loss of Molossas?

Maj. In part only: no, Sir Jacob, he had great experience; he was trained up to arms from his youth: at sixteen he trail'd a pike in the artillery-ground; at eighteen got a company in the Smithfield pioneers; and by the time he was twenty, was made aid-de-camp to Sir Jeffery Grub, Knight, alderman, and colonel of the Yellow.

Sir Jac. A rapid rise!

Maj. Yes, he had a genius for war; but what I wanted in practice. I made up by doubling my diligence. Our porter at home had been a serjeant of marines: so after shop was shut up at night, he us'd

to teach me my exercise ; and he had not to deal with a dunce, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Your progress was great ?

Maj. Amazing. In a week, I could shoulder, and rest, and poize, and turn to the right, and wheel to the left ; and in less than a month, I could fire without winking or blinking.

Sir Jac. A perfect Hannibal !

Maj. Ah, and then I learnt to form lines, and hollows, and squares, and evolutions and revolutions : Let me tell you, Sir Jacob, it was lucky that Monsieur kept his myrmidons at home, or we should have pepper'd his flat-bottom'd boats.

Sir Jac. Ay, marry, he had a marvellous escape.

Maj. We would a taught him what a Briton can do, who is fighting *pro arvis* and *focus*.

Sir Jac. Pray now, Major, which do you look upon as the best disciplin'd troops, the London regiments, or the Middlesex militia ?

Maj. Why, Sir Jacob, it does not become me to say ; but lack-a-day, they have never seen any service—Holiday soldiers ! Why, I don't believe, unless indeed upon a lord mayor's day, and that mere matter of accident, that they were ever wet to the skin in their lives.

Sir Jac. Indeed !

Maj. No : soldiers for sun-shine, Cockneys ; they heve not the appearance, the air, the freedom, the *Jenny sequoi* that—Oh, could you but see me salute : You have never a spontoon in the house ?

Sir Jac. No ; but we could get a shove-pike.

Maj. No matter. Well, Sir Jacob, and how are your fair daughters, sweet Mrs. Sneak and the lovely Mrs. Bruin: is she as lively and as brilliant as ever?

Sir Jac. Oh ho, now the murder is out; this visit was intended for them: come, own now, Major, did not you expect to meet with them here? You officers are men of such gallantry!

Maj. Why, we do tickle up the ladies, Sir Jacob; there is no resisting a red coat.

Sir Jac. True, true, Major.

Maj. But that is now all over with me. "Farewell to the plumed steeds and neighing troops," as the black man says in the play; like the Roman censor, I shall retire to my savin field, and there cultivate cabbages.

Sir Jac. Under the shade of your laurels.

Maj. True; I have done with the major, and now return to the majistrate; *Cedunt arma togge.*

Sir Jac. Still in the service of your country.

Maj. True; man was not made for himself; and so, thinking that this would prove a busy day in the justicing way, I am come, Sir Jacob, to lend you a hand.

Sir Jac. Done like a neighbour.

Maj. I have brought, as I suppose most of our business will be in the battery way, some warrants and mittimuses ready fill'd up, with all but the names o' the parties, in order to save time.

Sir Jac. A provident magistrate.

Maj. Pray, how shall we manage as to the article of swearing; for I reckon we shall have oaths as plenty as hops.

Sir Jac. Why, with regard to that branch of our business to-day, I believe the law must be suffer'd to sleep.

Maj. I should think we might pick up something that's pretty that way.

Sir Jac. No; poor rascals, they would not be able to pay; and as to the stocks, we should never find room for their legs.

Maj. Pray, Sir Jacob, is Matthew Marrowbone, the butcher of your town, living or dead?

Sir Jac. Living.

Maj. And swears as much as he used?

Sir Jac. An alter'd man, Major; not an oath comes out of his mouth.

Maj. You surprise me; why, when he frequented our town of a market-day, he has taken out a guinea in oaths—And quite chang'd?

Sir Jac. Entirely: they say his wife has made him a methodist, and that he preaches at Kennington Common.

Maj. What a deal of mischief those rascals do in the country!—Why then we have entirely lost him?

Sir Jac. In that way; but I got a brace of bind-overs from him last week for a couple of bastards.

Maj. Well done, Master Matthew—But pray now, Sir Jacob—

[*Mob without, huzza!*]

Sir Jac. What's the matter now, Roger?

Enter ROGER.

Rog. The electors desire to know if your worship has any body to recommend?

Sir Jac. By no means; let them be free in their choice: I shan't interfere.

Rog. And if your worship has any objection to Crispin Heel-tap the cobbler's being returning officer?

Sir Jac. None, provided the rascal can keep himself sober. Is he there?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob: make way there; stand farther off from the gate: here is Madam Sneak in a chair along with her husband.

Maj. Gad's so, you will permit me to convoy her in. *[Exit Major.]*

Sir Jac. Now here is one of the evils of war. This Sturgeon was as pains-taking a Billingsgate-broker as any in the bills of mortality. But the fish is got out of his element; the soldier has quite demolished the citizen.

Enter Mrs. SNEAK, handed by the MAJOR.

Mrs. Sneak. Dear Major, I demand a million of pardons. I have given you a profusion of trouble; but my husband is such a goose-cap, that I can't get no good out of him at home or abroad—Jerry, Jerry Sneak—Your blessing, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Daughter, you are welcome to Garratt.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, Jerry Sneak! I say—

Enter SNEAK, with a band-box, a hoop-petticoat under his arm, and cardinal, &c. &c. &c.

Sneak. Here, lovy.

Mrs. Sneak. Here, looby: there, lay these things in the hall; and then go and look after the horse. Are you sure you have got all the things out of the chaise?

Sneak. Yes, chuck.

Mrs. Sneak. Then give me my fan.

[Jerry drops the things in searching his pocket for the fan.]

Mrs. Sneak. Did ever mortal see such a—I declare, I am quite asham'd to be seen with him abroad: go, get you gone out of my sight.

Sneak. I go, lovy: Good day to my father-in-law.

Sir Jac. I am glad to see you, son Sneak: but where is your brother Bruin and his wife?

Sneak. He will be here anon, father Sir Jacob; he did but just step into the alley to gather how tickets were sold.

Sir Jac. Very well, son Sneak. *[Exit Sneak.]*

Mrs. Sneak. Son! yes, and a pretty son you have provided.

' Sir. Jac. I hope all for the best: why, what
' terrible work there would have been, had you
' married such a one as your sister; one house could
' never have contain'd you—Now, I thought this
' meek mate—

' Mrs. Sneak. Meek! a mushroom, a milksop.'

Sir Jac. Look ye, Molly, I have married you to a man; take care you don't make him a monster.

[*Exit Sir Jacob.*]

Mrs. Sneak. Monster! Why, Major, the fellow has no more heart than a mouse. Had my kind stars, indeed, allotted me a military man, I should doubtless have deported myself in a becomingly manner.

Maj. Unquestionably, Madam.

Mrs. Sneak. Nor would the Major have found, had it been my fortune to intermarry with him, that Molly Jollup would have dishonoured his cloth.

Maj. I should have been too happy.

Mrs. Sneak. Indeed, Sir, I reverence the army: they are all so brave, so polite, so every thing a woman can wish—

Maj. Oh! Madam—

Mrs. Sneak. So elegant, so genteel, so obliging: and then the rank; why, who would dare to affront the wife of a major?

Maj. No man with impunity; that I take the freedom to say, Madam.

Mrs. Sneak. I know it, good Sir. Oh! I am no stranger to what I have miss'd

Maj. Oh, Madam!—Let me die but she has infinite merit.

[*Aside.*]

Mrs. Sneak. Then to be join'd to a sneaking slovenly cit; a paltry, prying, pitiful pin-maker!

Maj. Melancholy!—

Mrs. Sneak. To be jostled and cramm'd with the crowd; no respect, no place, no precedence; to be

choak'd with the smoke of the city; no country jaunts but to Islington; no balls but at Pewterer's-hall.

Maj. Intolerable!

Mrs. Sneak. I see, Sir, you have a proper sense of my sufferings.

Maj. And would shed my best blood to relieve them.

Mrs. Sneak. Gallant gentleman!

Maj. The brave must favour the fair.

Mrs. Sneak. Intrepid Major!

Maj. Divine Mrs. Sneak!

Mrs. Sneak. Obliging commander!

Maj. Might I be permitted the honour—

Mrs. Sneak. Sir—

Maj. Just to ravish a kiss from your hand.

Mrs. Sneak. You have a right to all we can grant.

Maj. Courteous, condescending, complying—Hum—ha!

Enter SNEAK.

Sneak. Chuck, my brother and sister Bruin are just turning the corner; the Clapham stage was quite full, and so they came by water.

Mrs. Sneak. I wish they had all been sous'd in the Thames—A prying, impertinent puppy!

Maj. Next time I will clap a centinel to secure the door.

Mrs. Sneak. Major Sturgeon, permit me to withdraw for a moment; my dress demands a little repair.

Maj. Your ladyship's most entirely devoted.

Mrs. Sneak. Ladyship! he is the very Broglio and Bellisle of the army!

Sneak. Shall I wait upon you, dove?

Mrs. Sneak. No, dolt; what, would you leave the Major alone? is that your manners, you mongrel?

Maj. Oh, Madam, I can never be alone; your sweat idera will be my constant companion.

Mrs. Sneak. Mark that: I am sorry, Sir, I am obligated to leave you.

Maj. Madam—

Mrs. Sneak. Especially with such a wretched companion.

Maj. Oh, Madam—

Mrs. Sneak. But as soon as my dress is restor'd, I shall fly to relieve your distress.

Maj. For that moment I shall wait with the greatest impatience.

Mrs. Sneak. Courteous commander!

Maj. Parragon of women!

Mrs. Sneak. Adieu!

Maj. Adieu! [Exit Mrs. Sneak.]

Sneak. Notwithstanding, Sir, all my chicken has said, I am special company when she is not by.

Maj. I doubt not, Mr. Sneak.

Sneak. If you would but come one Thursday night to our club, at the Nagg's-Head in the Poultry, you would meet some roaring, rare boys, i'faith: There's Jeminy Perkins the packer, little Tom Simkins the grocer, honest master Muzzle the midwife—

Maj. A goodly company!

Sneak. Ay, and then sometimes we have the Choice Spirits from Comus's Court, and we crack jokes, and are so jolly and funny: I have learnt myself to sing "An old woman clothed in gray." But I durst not sing out loud, because my wife would overhear me; and she says as how I bawl worsen than the broom-man.

Maj. And you must not think of disoblighing your lady.

Sneak. I never does: I never contradicth her, not I.

Maj. That's right: she is a woman of infinite merit.

Sneak. O a power! And don't you think she is very pretty withal?

Maj. A Venus!

Sneak. Yes, werry like Wenus—Mayhap you have known her some time?

Maj. Long.

Sneak. Belike before she was married?

Maj. I did, Master Sneak.

Sneak. Ay, when she was a wirgin. I thought you was an old acquaintance by your kissing her hand; for we ben't quite so familiar as that—But, then, indeed we han't been married a year.

Maj. The mere honey-moon.

Sneak. Ay, ay, I suppose we shall come to it by degrees.

Bruin. (*within.*) Come along, Jane; why, you are as pursy and lazy, you jade—

Enter BRUIN and WIFE: BRUIN with a cotton cap on; his wife with his wig, great coat, and fishing-rod.

Bruin. Come, Jane, give me my wig: you slut, how you have tousled the curls; Master Sneak, a good morning to you. Sir, I am your humble servant unknown.

Enter ROGER.

Rog. Mrs. Sneak begs to speak with the Major.

Maj. I will wait on the lady immediately.

Sneak. Don't tarry an instant; you can't think how impatient she is. (*Exit Major.*) A good morrow to you, brother Bruin; you have had a warm walk across the fields.

Mrs. Bruin. Good Lord, I am all in a muck—

Bruin. And who may you thank for it, hussy? If you had got up time enough, you might have secur'd the stage; but you are a lazy, lie-a-bed—

Mrs. Bruin. There's Mr. Sneak keeps my sister a chay.

Bruin. And so he may; but I know better what to do with my money: Indeed if the war had but continued awhile, I don't know what mought ha' been done; but this plaguy peace, with a pox to't, has knock'd up all the trade of the Alley.

Mrs. Bruin. For the matter of that, we can afford it well enough as it is.

Bruin. And how do you know that? Who told you as much, Mrs. Mixen? I hope I know the world better than to trust my concerns with a wife: no, no, thank you for that, Mrs. Jane.

Mrs. Bruin. And pray, who is more fitterer to be trusted?

Bruin. Hey-day! Why, the wench is bewitch'd: Come, come, let's have none of your palaver here—Take twelve-pence and pay the waterman.—But first see if he has broke none of the pipes—And, d'ye hear, Jane, be sure lay the fishing-rod safe.

[*Exit Mrs. Bruin.*]

Sneak. Od's me, how finely she's manag'd! What would I give to have my wife as much under!

Bruin. It is your own fault, brother Sneak.

Sneak. D'ye think so? She is a sweet pretty creature.

Bruin. A vixen.

Sneak. Why, to say the truth, she does now and then hector a little; and, between ourselves, domineers like the devil. O Lord, I lead the life of a dog. Why she allows me but two shilling a-week for my pocket.

Bruin. No!

Sneak. No, man; 'tis she that receives and pays all: and then I am forc'd to trot after her to church, with her cardinal, pattens, and prayer-book, for all the world as if I was still a 'prentice.

Bruin. Zounds! I would souse them all in the kennel.

Sneak. I durst not—And then at table I never gets what I loves.

Bruin. The devil!

Sneak. No; she always helps me herself to the tough drumsticks of turkeys, and the damn'd fat flaps

of shoulders of mutton. I don't think I have eat a bit of undercrust since we have been married. You see, brother Bruin, I am almost as thin as a lath.

Bruin. An absolute skeleton!

Sneak. Now, if you think I could carry my point, I would so swinge and leather my lambkin: God, I would so curry and claw her.

Bruin. By the Lord Harry, she richly deserves it.

Sneak. Will you, brother, lend me a lift?

Bruin. Command me at all times.

Sneak. Why, then, I will verily pluck up a spirit; and the first time she offers to—

Mrs. Sneak. (*within.*) Jerry, Jerry Sneak!

Sneak. Gad's my life, sure as a gun that's her voice! Look ye, brother, I don't choose to breed a disturbance in another body's house; but as soon as ever I get home—

Bruin. Now is your time.

Sneak. No, no; it would not be decent.

Mrs. Sneak. (*within.*) Jerry! Jerry!

Sneak. I come, lovy. But you will be sure to stand by me?

Bruin. Trot, nincompoop.

Sneak. Well, if I don't—I wish—

Mrs. Sneak. (*within.*) Where is this lazy puppy a-loitering?

Sneak. I come, chuck, as fast as I can—Good Lord, what a sad life do I lead! [*Exit Sneak.*]

Bruin. *Ex quovis lingua*: who can make a silk purse of a sow's ear?

Enter Sir JACOB.

Sir Jac. Come, son Bruin, we are all seated at table, man; we have but just time for a snack: the candidates are near upon coming.

Bruin. A poor, paltry, mean-spirited—Damn it, before I would submit to such a—

Sir Jac. Come, come, man; don't be so crusty.

Bruin. I follow, Sir Jacob. Danunc, when once a man gives up his prerogative, he might as well give up—But, however, it is no bread and butter of mine—Jerry, Jerry—Zounds, I would Jerry and Jerk her too.

[*Exit.*

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Scene continues.

Sir JACOB, Major STURGEON, Mr. and Mrs. BRUIN,
Mr. and Mrs. SNEAK, discovered.

Mrs. Sneak.

INDEED, Major, not a grain of curiosity! Can it be thought that we, who have a lord-mayor's show every year, can take any pleasure in this?

Maj. In time of war, madam, these meetings are not amiss, I fancy a man might pick up a good many recruits; but in these piping times of peace, I wonder Sir Jacob permits it.

Sir Jac. It would, Major, cost me my popularity to quash it: the common people are as fond of their customs as the barons were of their *Magna Charta*: besides, my tenants make some little advantage.

Enter ROGER.

Rog. Crispin Heel-tap, with the electors, are set out from the Adam and Eve.

Sir Jac. Gad so, then they will soon be upon us: Come, good folks, the balcony will give us the best view of the whole. Major, you will take the ladies under protection.

Maj. Sir Jacob, I am upon guard.

‘ *Sir Jac.* I can tell you, this Heel-tap is an arch
‘ rascal—

‘ *Sneak.* And plays the best game at cribbage in
‘ the whole corporation of Garratt.

‘ *Mrs. Sneak.* That puppy will always be a chat-
‘ tering.

‘ *Sneak.* Nay, I did but—

‘ *Mrs. Sneak.* Hold your tongue, or I’ll send you
‘ home in an instant—

‘ *Sir Jac.* Pr’ythee, daughter!—You may to-day,
‘ Major, meet with something that will put you in
‘ mind of more important transactions.

‘ *Maj.* Perhaps so.

‘ *Sir Jac.* Lack-a-day, all men are alike; their
‘ principles exactly the same: for though art and
‘ education may disguise or polish the manner, the
‘ same motives and springs are universally planted.

‘ *Maj.* Indeed!

‘ *Sir Jac.* Why, in this mob, this group of ple-
‘ beians, you will meet with materials to make a
‘ Sylla, a Cicero, a Solon, or a Cæsar: let them but
‘ change conditions, and the world’s great lord had
‘ been but the best wrestler on the green.

‘ *Maj.* Ay, ay; I could have told these things
‘ formerly; but since I have been in the army, I
‘ have entirely neglected the classes.

‘ *Mob without huzza.*

‘ *Sir Jac.* But the heroes are at hand, Major.

Sneak. Father Sir Jacob, might we not have a
tankard of stingo above?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Sneak. D'ye hear, Roger—

[*Exeunt into the balcony.*]

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter MOB, with HEEL-TAP at their Head; some crying, A Goose; others, A Mug; others, A Primmer.

Heel. Silence there; silence.

1st Mob. Hear neighbour Heel-tap.

2d Mob. Ay, ay, hear Crispin.

3d Mob. Ay, ay, hear him, hear Crispin: he will put us into the model of the thing at once.

Heel. Why then, silence, I say.

All. Silence.

Heel. Silence, and let us proceed, neighbours, with all the decency and confusion usual upon these occasions.

1st Mob. Ay, ay, there is no doing without that.

All. No, no, no.

Heel. Silence then, and keep the peace; what, is there no respect paid to authority? am not I the returning officer?

All. Ay, ay, ay.

Heel. Chosen by yourselves, and approved of by Sir Jacob?

All. True, true.

Heel. Well then, be silent and civil: Stand back there, that gentleman without a shirt, and make room for your betters. Where's Simon Snuffle the sexton?

Snuf. Here.

Heel. Let him come forward; we appoint him our secretary: for Simon is a scollard, and can read written hand; and so let him be respected accordingly.

3d Mob. Room for master Snuffle.

Heel. Here, stand by me; and let us, neighbours, proceed to open the premunire of the thing: but, first, your reverence to the lord of the manor; a long life and a merry one to our landlord Sir Jacob! huzza!

Mob. Huzza!

Sneak. How fares it, honest Crispin?

Heel. Servant, Master Sneak.—Let us now open the premunire of the thing, which I shall do briefly, with all the loquacity possible; that is, in a medium way; which, that we may the better do it, let the secretary read the names of the candidates, and what they say for themselves; and then we shall know what to say of them. Master Snuffle, begin.

Snuf. “To the worthy inhabitants of the ancient
“corporation of Garratt: Gentlemen, your votes
“and interest are humbly requested in favour of
“Timothy Goose, to succeed your late worthy
“mayor, Mr. Richard Dripping, in the said office,
“he being——

Heel. This Goose is but a kind of gosling, a sort of sneaking scoundrel: who is he?

Snuf. A journeyman taylor from Putney.

Heel. A journeyman taylor! A rascal, has he the impudence to transpire to be mayor? D’ye consider,

neighbours, the weight of this office? Why, it is a burden for the back of a porter? and can you think that this cross-legg'd cabbage-eating son of a cucumber, this whey-fac'd ninny, who is but the ninth part of a man, has strength to support it?

1st Mob. No Goose! no Goose!

2d Mob. A Goose!

Heel. Hold your hissing, and proceed to the next.

Snuf. "Your votes are desired for Mathew Mug."

1st Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

Heel. Oh, oh! what, you are all ready to have a touch of the tankard? But fair and soft, good neighbours: let us taste this Master Mug before we swallow him; and unless I am mistaken, you will find him a damn'd bitter draught.

1st Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

2d Mob. Hear him; hear Master Heel-tap.

1st Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

Heel. Harkye, you fellow with your mouth full of Mug, let me ask you a question—bring him forward—Pray, is not this Mathew Mug a victualler?

3d Mob. I believe he may.

Heel. And lives at the sign of the Adam and Eve?

3d Mob. I believe he may.

Heel. Now answer upon your honour, and as you are a gentleman, what is the present price of a quart of home brew'd at the Adam and Eve?

3d Mob. I don't know.

Heel. You lie, sirrah; an't it a groat?

3d Mob. I believe it may.

Heel. Oh, may be so. Now, neighbours, here's a

pretty rascal; this same Mug, because, d'ye see, state-affairs would not jog glibly without laying a farthing a quart upon ale, this scoundrel, not contented to take things in a medium way, has had the impudence to raise it a penny.

Mob No Mug! no Mug!

Heel. So, I thought I should crack Mr. Mug. Come, proceed to the next, Simon.

Snuf. The next upon the list is Peter Primmer the schoolmaster.

Heel. Ay, neighbours, and a sufficient man: let me tell you, Master Primmer is the man for my money; a man of learning, that can lay down the law; why, adzooks, he is wise enough to puzzle the parson; and then, how you have heard him oration at the Adam and Eve of a Saturday night, about Russia and Prussia. Ecod, George Gage the exciseman is nothing at all to un.

4th Mob. A Primmer!

Heel. Ay, if the folks above did but know him:—why, lads, he will make us all statesmen in time.

2d Mob. Indeed!

Heel. Why, he swears as how all the miscarriages are owing to the great people's not learning to read.

3d Mob. Indeed!

Heel. For, says Peter, says he, if they would but once submit to be learned by me, there is no knowing to what a pitch the nation might rise.

1st Mob. Ay, I wish they would.

Sneak. Crispin, what is Peter Primmer a candidate?

Heel. He is, Mr. Sneak.

Sneak. Lord, I know him, mun, as well as my mother: why, I used to go to his lectures to Pewterer's-hall along with deputy Firkin.

Heel. Like enough.

Sneak. Ods me, brother Bruin, can you tell what is become of my wife?

Bruin. She is gone off with the Major.

Sneak. Mayhap to take a walk in the garden: I will go and take a peep at what they are doing.

[*Exit Sneak.*]

Mob. (without.) Huzza.

Heel. Gadso! the candidates are coming. Come, neighbours, 'range yourselves to the right and left, 'that you may be convass'd in order:' let us see who comes first.

1st Mob. Master Mug!

Heel. Now, neighbours, have a good caution that this Master Mug does not cajole you; he is a damn'd palavering fellow.

Enter MATTHEW MUG.

' *Mug.* Gentlemen, I am the lowest of your slaves: Mr. Heel-tap, have the honour of kissing your hand.

' *Heel.* There did not I tell you?

' *Mug.* Ah, my very good friend, I hope your father is well?

' *1st Mob.* He is dead.

' *Mug.* So he is. Mr. Grub, if my wishes prevail, your very good wife is in health?

D

‘ 2d Mob. Wife! I never was married.

‘ Mug. No more you were. Well, neighbours and friends—Ah! what, honest Dick Bennet!

‘ 3d Mob. My name is Gregory Gubbins.

‘ Mug. You are right, it is so; and how fares it with good Mr. Gubbins?

‘ 3d Mob. Pretty tight, Mr. Mug.

‘ Mug. I am exceedingly happy to hear it.

‘ 4th Mob. Hark’ye, Master Mug.

‘ Mug. Your pleasure, my very dear friend?

‘ 4th Mob. Why, as how and concerning our young one at home.

‘ Mug. Right, she is a prodigious promising girl.

‘ 4th Mob. Girl! Zooks, why ’tis a boy.

‘ Mug. True, a fine boy! I love and honour the child.

‘ 4th Mob. Nay, ’tis none such a child; but you promis’d to get un a place.

‘ Mug. A place! what place?

‘ 4th Mob. Why, a gentleman’s service, you know.

‘ Mug. It is done; it is fix’d; it is settled.

‘ 4th Mob. And when is the lad to take on?

‘ Mug. He must go in a fortnight at farthest.

‘ 4th Mob. And is it a pretty goodish birth, Master Mug?

‘ Mug. The best in the world; head-butler to Lady Barbara Bounce.

‘ 4th Mob. A lady!

‘ Mug. The wages are not much, but the vails are amazing.

‘ 4th Mob. Barbara bunch?

‘ Mug. Yes; she has routs on Tuesdays and Sundays, and he gathers the tables; only he finds candles, cards, coffee, and tea.

‘ 4th Mob. Is Lady Barbara’s work pretty tight?

‘ Mug. As good as a sinecure; he only writes cards to her company, and dresses his mistress’s hair.

‘ 4th Mob. Hair! Zounds, why Jack was bred to dressing of horses.

‘ Mug. True; but he is suffered to do that by deputy.

4th Mob. May be so.

‘ Mug. It is so. Hark’ye, dear Heel-tap, who is this fellow? I should remember his face.

‘ Heel. And don’t you?

‘ Mug. Not I, I profess.

‘ Heel. No!

‘ Mug. No.

‘ Heel. Well said, Master Mug; but come, time wears: have you any thing more to say to the corporation?’

Mug. Gentlemen of the corporation of Garratt—

Heel. Now twig him; now mind him: mark how he hawls his muscles about.

Mug. The honour I this day solicit, will be to me the most honourable honour that can be conferr’d; and should I succeed, you, gentlemen, may depend on my using my utmost endeavours to promote the good of the borough; for which purpose, the encouragement of your trade and manufactories will most

principally tend. Garratt, it must be owned, is an inland town, and has not, like Wansworth, and Fulham, and Putney, the glorious advantage of a port; but what nature has denied, industry may supply: cabbage, carrots, and colly-flowers, may be deemed at present your staple commodities; but why should not your commerce be extended? Were I, gentlemen, worthy to advise, I should recommend the opening a new branch of trade; sparagrass, gentlemen, the manufacturing of sparagrass. Battersea, I own, gentlemen, bears at present the bell; but where lies the fault? In ourselves, gentlemen: let us, gentlemen, but exert our natural strength, and I will take upon me to say, that a hundred of grass from the corporation of Garratt will, in a short time, at the London market, be held at least as an equivalent to a Battersea bundle.

Mob. A Mug! A Mug!

Heel. Damn the fellow, what a tongue he has! I must step in, or he will carry the day. Hark'ye, Master Mug?

Mug. Your pleasure, my very good friend?

Heel. No flumming me: I tell thee, Matthew, 'twont do: why, as to this article of ale here, how comes it about, that you have rais'd it a penny a quart?

Mug. A word in your ear, Crispin; you and your friends shall have it at three pence.

Heel. What, sirrah, do you offer a bribe? D'ye dare to corrupt me, you scoundrel?

Mug. Gentlemen——

Heel. Here, neighbours ; the fellow has offer'd to bate a penny a quart, if so be as how I would be consenting to impose upon you.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Mug. Neighbours, friends—

Mob. No Mug!

Mug. I believe this is the first borough that ever was lost by the returning officer's refusing a bribe.

[*Exit Mug.*]

2d Mob. Let us go and pull down his sign.

Heel. Hold, hold, no riot : but, that we may not give Mug time to pervert the votes and carry the day, let us proceed to the election.

Mob. Agreed! agreed!

[*Exit Heel-tap and Mob.*]

* *Sir JACOB, BRUIN, and WIFE, come from the balcony.*

Sir. Jac. Well, son Bruin, how d'ye relish the corporation of Garratt?

Bruin. Why, lookye, Sir Jacob ; my way is always to speak what I think : I don't approve on't at all.

Mrs. Bruin. No!

Sir Jac. And what's your objection?

Bruin. Why, I was never over-fond of your May-games ; besides, corporations are too serious things ; they are edge-tools, Sir Jacob.

* The second act usually begins here ; and the whole foregoing scenes, from the end of act I. are omitted.

Sir Jac. That they are frequently tools, I can readily grant: but I never heard much of their edge.

Mrs. Bruin. Well now, I protest, I am pleas'd with it mightily.

Bruin. And who the devil doubts it?—You women folks are easily pleas'd.

Mrs. Bruin. Well, I like it so well, that I hope to see one every year.

Bruin. Do you? Why then you will be damnably bit; you may take your leave, I can tell you; for this is the last you shall see.

Sir Jac. Fie, Mr Bruin, how can you be such a bear? is that a manner of treating your wife?

Bruin. What, I suppose you would have me such a snivelling sot as your son-in-law Sneak, to truckle and cringe, to fetch and to——

Enter SNEAK in a violent hurry.

Sneak. Where's brother Bruin! O Lord, brother, I have such a dismal story to tell you.

Bruin. What's the matter?

Sneak. Why, you know I went into the garden to look for my wife and the Major, and there I hunted and hunted as sharp as if it had been for one of my own minickens; but the deuse a major or madam could I see: at last, a thought came into my head to look for them up in the summer-house.

Bruin. And there you found them?

Sneak. I'll tell you: the door was lock'd; and

then I look'd thro' the key hole ; and there, Lord a mercy upon us! (*Whispers.*) as sure as a gun.

Bruin. Indeed! Zounds, why did not you break open the door!

Sneak. I durst not: What, would you have me set my wit to a soldier? I warrant the Major would have knock'd me down with one of his boots; for I could see they were both of them off.

Bruin. Very well! pretty doings! You see, Sir Jacob, these are the fruits of indulgence. You may call me bear, but your daughter shall never make me a beast. [*Mob huzzas.*]

Sir Jac. Hey-day! What, is the election over already?

Enter CRISPIN, &c.

Heel. Where is master Sneak?

Sneak. Here, Crispin.

Heel. The ancient corporation of Garratt, in consideration of your great parts and abilities, and out of respect to their landlord Sir Jacob, have unanimously chosen you Mayor.

Sneak. Me! huzza! Good Lord, who would have thought it? But how came Mr. Primmer to lose it?

Heel. Why, Phill Fleam had told the electors, that Master Primmer was an Irishman; and so they would none of them give their vote for a foreigner.

Sneak. So then I have it for certain; huzza! Now, brother Bruin, you shall see how I'll manage my madam: Gad, I'll make her know I am a man of

authority ; she shan't think to bullock and domineer over me.

Bruin. Now for it, Sneak ; the enemy's at hand.

Sneak. You promise to stand by me, brother Bruin !

Bruin. Tooth and nail.

Sneak. Then now for it ; I am ready, let her come when she will.

Enter Mrs. SNEAK.

Mrs. Sneak. Where is the puppy ?

Sneak. Yes, yes ; she is axing for me.

Mrs. Sneak. So, sot ; what, is this true that I hear ?

Sneak. May be 'tis, may be 'tant : I don't choose to trust my affairs with a voman. Is that right, brother Bruin ?

Bruin. Fine ! don't bate her an inch.

Sneak. Stand by me.

Mrs. Sneak. Hey-day ! I am amaz'd ! Why, what is the meaning of this ?

Sneak. The meaning is plain, that I am grown a man, and vil do what I please, without being accountable to nobody.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, the fellow is surely bewitch'd.

Sneak. No, I am unwitch'd, and that you shall know to your cost ; and since you provoke me, I will tell you a bit of my mind : what, I am the husband, I hope ?

Bruin. That's right ; at her again.

Sneak. Yes ; and you shan't think to hector and

domineer over me as you have done ; for I'll go to the club when I please, and stay out as late as I list, and row in a boat to Putney on Sundays, and visit my friends at Vitsontide, and keep the key of the till, and help myself at table to what wittles I like ; and I'll have a bit of the brown.

Bruin. Bravo, brother ! Sneak, the day's your own.

Sneak. An't it ! Why, I did not think it was in me : shall I tell her all I know ?

Bruin. Every thing ; you see she is struck dumb.

Sneak. As an oyster. Besides, Madam, I have something further to tell you : ecod, if some folks go into gardens with majors, mayhap other people may go into garrets with maids—There, I gave it her home, brother Bruin.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, doodle, jackanapes, harkee. who am I ?

Sneak. 'Come, don't go to call names : Am I ?—why, my wife, and I am your master.

Mrs. Sneak. My master ! you paultry, puddling puppy ; you sneaking, shabby, scrubby, snivelling whelp !

Sneak. Brother Bruin, don't let her come near me.

Mrs. Sneak. Have I, sirrah, demean'd myself to wed such a thing, such a reptile as thee ! Have I not made myself a by-word to all my acquaintance ! Don't all the world cry, Lord, who would have thought, Miss Molly Jollup to be married to Sneak ! to take up at last with such a noodle as he !

Sneak. Ay, and glad enough you could catch me : you know you was pretty near your last legs.

Mrs. Sneak. Was there ever such a confident cur? My last legs! Why, all the country knows, I could have pick'd and choos'd where I would : did not I refuse Squire Ap-Griffith from Wales? did not Counsellor Crab come a-courting a twelvemonth? did not Mr. Wort, the great brewer of Brentford, make an offer that I should keep my post-chay?

Sneak. Nay, brother Bruin, she has had werry good proffers, that is certain.

Mrs. Sneak. My last legs!—But I can rein my passion no longer; let me get at the villain.

Bruin. O fie, sister Sneak.

Sneak. Hold her fast.

Mrs. Sneak. Mr. Bruin, unhand me : what, it is you that have stirred up these coals then! he is set on by you to abuse me?

Bruin. Not I; I would only have a man to behave like a man.

Mrs. Sneak. What, and are you to teach him I warrant—but here comes the Major.

Enter Major STURGEON.

Oh Major! such a riot and rumpus! Like a man indeed! I wish people would mind their own affairs, and not meddle with matters that does not concern them : but all in good time? I shall one day catch him alone, when he has not his bullies to back him.

Sneak. Adod, that's true, brother Bruin; what

shall I do when she has me at home, and nobody by but ourselves?

Bruin. If you get her once under, you may do with her whatever you will.

Maj. Look ye, Master Bruin, I don't know how this behaviour may suit with a citizen; but were you an officer, and Major Sturgeon upon your court-martial——

Bruin. What then?

Maj. Then! why then you would be broke.

Bruin. Broke! and for what?

Maj. What? read the articles of war: but these things are out of your spear; points of honour are for the sons of the sword.

Sneak. Honour! if you come to that, where was your honour when you got my wife in the garden?

Maj. Now, Sir Jacob, this is the curse of our cloth: all suspected for the faults of a few.

Sneak. Ay, and not without reason: I heard of your tricks at the king of Bohemy, when you was campaigning about; I did. Father Sir Jacob, he is as wicious as an old ram.

Maj. Stop whilst you are safe, Master Sneak: for the sake of your amiable lady, I pardon what is past—
—But for you——

Bruin. Well!

Maj. Dread the whole force of my fury.

Bruin. Why, look ye, Major Sturgeon, I don't much care for your poppers and sharps, because why, they are out of my way; but if you will do it with your boots, and box a couple of bouts.

Maj. Box! box!—Blades, bullets, bagshot!

Mrs. Sneak. Not for the world, my dear Major! O risk not so precious a life! Ungrateful wretches! and is this the reward for all the great feats he has done? After all his marchings, his sousings, his sweatings, his swimnings; must his dear blood be spilt by a broker?

Maj. Be satisfied, sweat Mrs. Sneak; these little fracasés we soldiers are subject to; trifles, bagatelles, Mrs. Sneak. But that matters may be conducted in a military manner, I will get our chaplain to pen me a challenge. Expect to hear from my adjutant.

Mrs. Sneak. Major, Sir Jacob; what, are you all leagu'd agains his dear——A man, yes; a very manly action indeed, to set married people a quarrelling, and ferment a difference between husband and wife: if you were a man, you would not stand by and see a poor woman beat and abus'd by a brute; you would not.

Sneak. Oh, Lord, I can hold out no longer! Why brother Bruin, you have set her a weeping: my liege my lovy, don't weep: did I ever think I should have made my Molly weep!

Mrs. Sneak. Last legs! you lubberly——

[*Strikes her*

Sir Jac. Oh fie, Molly.

Mrs. Sneak. What, are you leagu'd against me, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. Prithee, don't expose yourself before the

whole parish. But what has been the occasion of this?

Mrs. Sneak. Why, has not he gone and made himself the fool of the fair? Mayor of Garratt indeed! eod, I could trample him under my feet.

Sneak. Nay, why should you grudge me my purfarment?

Mrs. Sneak. Did you ever hear such an oaff? Why, thee wilt be pointed at wherever thee goest. Look ye, Jerry, mind what I say; go, get 'em to choose somebody else, or never come near me again.

Sneak. What shall I do, father Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. Nay, daughter, you take this thing in too serious a light; my honest neighbours thought to compliment me: but come, we'll settle the business at once. Neighbours, my son Sneak being seldom amongst us, the duty will never be done: so we will get our honest friend Heel-tap to execute the office: he is, I think, every way qualified.

Mob. A Heel-tap!

Heel. What d'ye mean? as Master Jeremy's deputy?

Sir Jac. Ay, ay, his *locum tenens*.

Sneak. Do, Crispin; do be my *locum tenens*.

Heel. Give me your hand, Master Sneak, and to oblige you I will be the *locum tenens*.

Sir Jac. So, that is settled: but now to heal the other breach: come, Major, the gentlemen of your cloth seldom bear malice; let me interpose between you and my son.

Maj. Your son-in-law, Sir Jacob, does deserve a

castigation; but on recollection, a cit would but sully my arms. I forgive him.

Sir Jac. That's right: as a token of amity, and to celebrate our feast, let us call in the fiddles. Now, if the Major had but his shoes, he might join in a country dance.

Maj. Sir Jacob, no shoes; a major must be never out of his boots; always ready for action. Mrs. Sneak will find me lightsome enough.

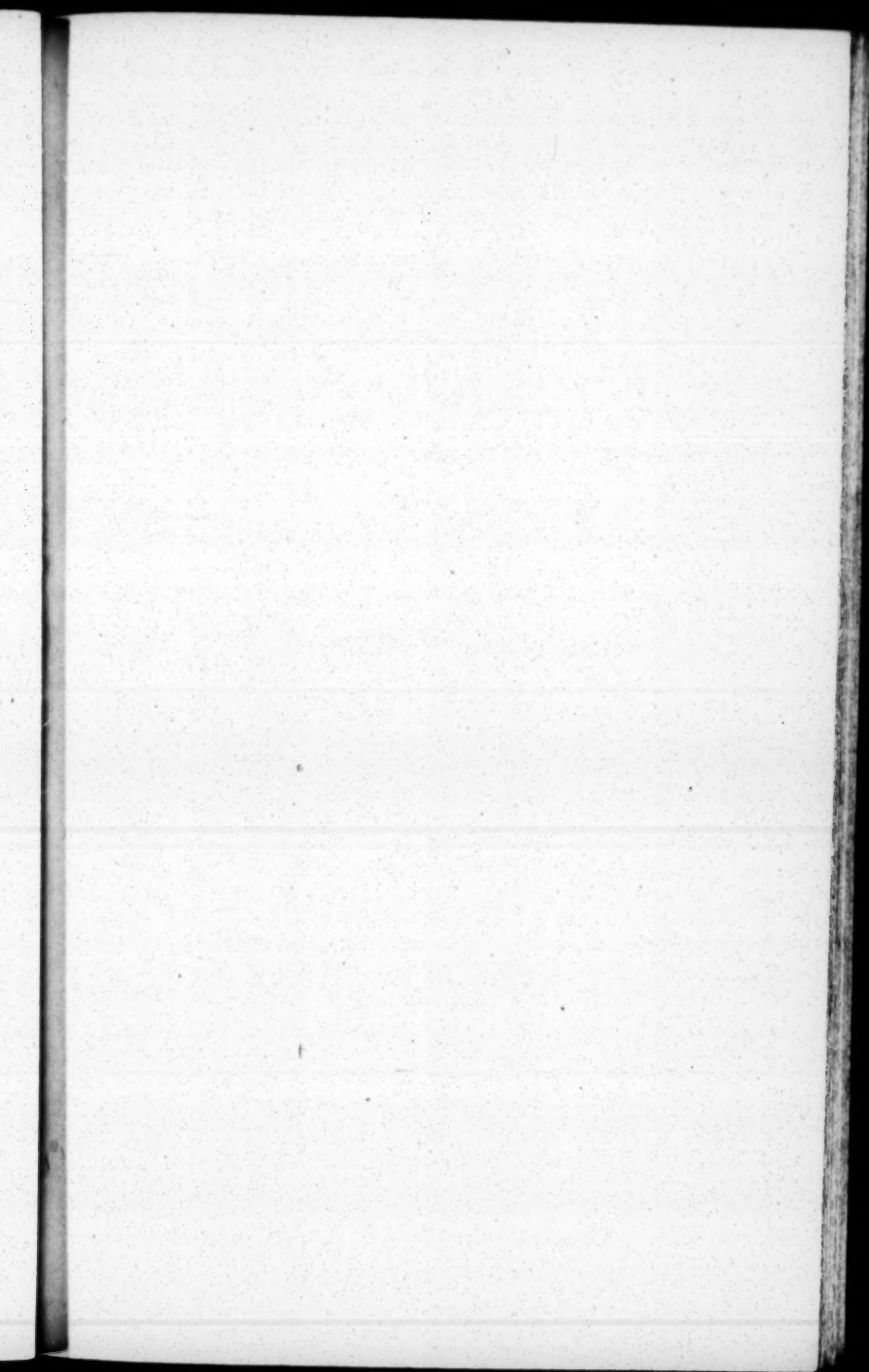
Sneak. What, are all the women engaged? Why, then, my *locum tenens* and I will jig together. Forget and forgive, Major.

Maj. Freely.

Nor be it said, that after all my toil,
I stain'd my regimentals by a broil.

To you I dedicate boots, sword, and shield,

Sir Jac. As harmless in the chamber, as the field.



PARSON'S MINOR THEATRE.



Printed for J. Parsons, 22, Paternoster Row May 1794.

The Englishman in Paris.

A COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS,

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,
FOR J. PARSONS, N^o 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1794.



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The Englishman in Paris.

THIS Comedy, by the late Samuel Foote, was played, for the first time, at Covent-Garden Theatre, in the season of 1753, for the benefit of that old veteran Macklin; who, at this moment, bids fair to make good his own determination of not quitting his friends, on this side the water, till after the close of the 18th century. "I was not born in it," says the venerable wag, "nor do I mean to die in it."

The part of Buck was sustained by Macklin, in a stile of excellence which was never exceeded, even by Foote himself.

The Lucinda of Miss Macklin was highly honourable to the mind and powers of that excellent actress; the character demands the requisites of speaking, singing, and dancing; and in these varieties she delighted and surprised the audience. This lady has been dead several years: her loss was sensibly felt by those who had witnessed her abilities on the mimic scene; while the deep regrets of all who knew her, were the best proof how well she had sustained her part on the real one.

Our Author's drift in writing this piece will appear sufficiently obvious to the reader, who, perhaps, may give a thought to times past, and lament that its point applies not to times present.

March 25, 1794.

T. B.

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT GARDEN.

Men.

Buck,	-	-	MR. LEE LEWES
Sir John Buck,	-	-	MR. POWELL
Subtle,	-	-	MR. THOMPSON
Classic,	-	-	MR. HULL
Marquis,	-	-	MR. E. POWELL,

Women.

Mrs. Subtile,	-	-	MRS. POWELL
Lucinda,	-	-	MRS. MATTOCKS.



The Englishman in Paris.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mr. SUEBLE and CLASSIC.

Mr. Subtle.

WELL, well, that may be ; but still I say that a Frenchman——

Class. Is a fop ; it is their national disease ; not one of the qualities for which you celebrate them, but owes its origin to a foible ; their taste is trifling, their gaiety grimace, and their politeness pride.

Mr. Sub. Hey-day ! Why, what the deuce brings you to Paris then ?

Class. A debt to friendship ; not but I think a short residence here a very necessary part in every man of fashion's education.

Mr. Sub. Where's the use ?

Class. In giving them a true relish for their own domestic happiness ; a proper veneration for their national liberties : a contempt for adulation ; and an

houour for the extended generous commerce of their country.

Mr. Sub. Why there, indeed, you have the preference, Mr. Classic : the traders here are a sharp-set, cozening people ; foreigners are their food ; civilities with a—ay ! ay ! a congee for a crown, and a shrug for a shilling : devilish dear, Master Classic, devilish dear.

Class. To avoid their exactions, we are, Mr. Subtle, recommended to your protection.

Mr. Sub. Ay ! and wisely they did who recommended you : Buy nothing but on mine or my lady's recommendation, and you are safe. But where was your charge ? Where was Mr. Buck last night ? My lady made a party at cards on purpose for him, and my ward Lucinda is mightily taken with him ; she longs to see him again.

Class. I am afraid with the same set his father sent him hither to avoid ; but we must endeavour to inspire him with a taste for the gallantries of this court, and his passion for the lower amusement of ours will diminish of course.

Mr. Sub. All the fraternity of men-makers are for that purpose without ; taylors, peruquieurs, hatters, hosiers—— s not that Mr. Buck's English servant ?

Enter ROGER.

Class. Oh ! ay, honest Roger. So, the old doings, Roger ; what time did your master come home ?

Rog. Between five and six, pummell'd to a jelly : here been two of his old comrades follow'd un already ; I count we shall ha' the whole gang in a se'n-night.

Class. Comrades, who ?

Rog. Dick Daylight and Bob Breadbasket the bruisers ; they all went to the show together, where they had the devil to pay ; belike they had been sent to Bridewell, hadn't a great gentleman in a blue string come by and releas'd them.—I hear master's bell ; do, Master Classic, step up and talk to un ; he's now sober, and may hearken to reason.

Class. I attend him. Mr. Subtle, you won't be out of the way.

[*Exit Classic.*]

Mr. Sub. I shall talk a little with the tradesmen. A smoky fellow this Classic ; but if Lucinda plays her cards well, we have not much to fear from that quarter : contradiction seems to be the life and soul of young Buck—A tolerable expedient this, if it succeeds.—Fleece the youngster !—Psha ! that's a thing of course !—but by his means to get rid of Lucinda, and securely pocket her patrimony ; ay ! that indeed—

Enter Mrs. SUTLE.

Oh ! wife ! Have you open'd the plot ? Does the girl come into it greedily, hey ?

Mrs. Sub. A little squeamish at first ; but I have open'd her eyes. Never fear, my dear, sooner or later, women will attend to their interest.

Mr. Sub. Their interest ! ay, that's true ; but

consider, my dear, how deeply our own interest is concern'd, and let that quicken your zeal.

Mrs. Sub. D'ye think I am blind? But the girl has got such whimsical notions of honour, and is withal so decent and modest: I wonder where the deuse she got it; I am sure it was not in my house.

Mr. Sub. How does she like Buck's person?

Mrs. Sub. Well enough! But prithee, husband, leave her to my management, and consider we have more irons in the fire than one. 'Here is the Marquis de Soleil to meet Madame de Farde to-night. —And where to put 'em, unless we can have 'Buck's apartment.' Oh! by-the-bye, has Count Cog sent you your share out of Mr. Puntwell's losings a-Thursday.

Mr. Sub. I intend calling on him this morning.

Mrs. Sub. Don't fail; he's a slippery chap, you know.

Mr. Sub. There's no fear. Well, but our pretty countrywoman lays about her handsomely, ha! — Hearts by hundreds! hum!

Mrs. Sub. Ay! that's a noble prize, if we could but manage her; but she's so indiscreet, that she'll be blown before we have made half our market. I am this morning to give audience, on her score, to two counts and a foreign minister.

Mr. Sub. Then strike whilst the iron's hot? but they'll be here before I can talk to my people; send 'em in, prithee.

[Exit Mrs. Subtle.

Enter Tradesmen.

So, gentlemen. Oh! hush! we are interrupted: If they ask for your bills, you have left them at home.

Enter BUCK, CLASSIC, and ROGER.

Buck. Ecod, I don't know how it ended, but I remember how it begun. Oh! Master Subtle, how do'st, old buck, hey? Give's thy paw! And little Lucy, how fares it with she? Hum!

Mr. Sub. What has been the matter, 'squire? Your face seems a little in deshabelle.

Buck. A touch of the times, old boy! a small skirmish; after I was down, tho', a set of cowardly sons of —; there's George and I will box any five for their sum.

Mr. Sub. But how happen'd it? The French are generally civil to strangers.

Buck. Oh! damn'd civil! to fall seven or eight upon three: Seven or eight! ecod, we had the whole house upon us at last.

Mr. Sub. But what had you done?

Buck. Done! why, nothing at all. But, wounds! how the powder flew about, and the Monsieurs scour'd!

Mr. Sub. But what offence had either they or you committed?

Buck. Why, I was telling Domine. Last night, Dick Daylight, Bob Breadbasket, and I, were walking thro' one of their rues, I think they call

them here, they are streets in London! but they have such devilish out-of-the-way names for things, that there is no remembering them; so we see crowds of people going into a house, and comedy pasted over the door: in we troop'd with the rest, paid our cash, and sat down on the stage. Presently they had a dance; and one of the young women with long hair trailing behind her, stood with her back to a rail, just by me: Ecod, what does me! for nothing in the world but a joke, as I hope for mercy, but ties her locks to the rail; so, when 'twas her turn to figure out, souse she flapp'd on her back; 'twas devilish comical, but they set up such an uproar. One whey-fac'd son of a bitch, that came to loose the woman, turn'd up his nose, and call'd me *bete*: ecod, I lent him a lick in his lanthorn jaws, that will make him remember the spawn of old Marlborough, I warrant him. Another came up to second him; but I let drive at the mark, made the soup-maigre rumble in his bread-basket, and laid him sprawling. Then in pour'd a million of them; I was knock'd down in a trice; and what happened after, I know no more than you. But where's Lucy? I'll go see her.

Class. Oh fie! ladies are treated here with a little more ceremony:—Mr. Subtle too has collected these people, who are to equip you for the conversation of the ladies.

Buck. Wounds! all these? What, Mr. Subtle, these are *Monsieurs* too, I suppose?

Mr. Sub. No, Squire, they are Englishmen:

fashion has ordain'd, that as you employ none but foreigners at home, you must take up with your own countrymen here.

Class. It is not in this instance alone we are particular, Mr. Subtle; I have observ'd many of our pretty gentlemen, who condescend to use entirely their native language here, sputter nothing but bad French in the side-boxes at home.

Buck. Look you, Sir, as to you, and your wife, and Miss Lucy, I like you all well enough; but the devil a good thing else have I seen since I lost sight of Dover. The men are all puppies, mincing and dancing, and chattering, and grinning: the women are a parcel of painted dolls; their food's fit for hogs; and as for their language, let them learn it that like it, I'll none on't; no, nor their frippery neither: So here you may all march to the place from whence you—Harkee! What, are you an Englishman?

Barb. Yes, Sir.

Buck. Domine! look here, what a monster the monkey has made of himself?—Sirrah, if your string was long enough, I'd do your business myself, you dog, to sink a bold Briton into such a sneaking, snivelling—the rascal looks as he had not had a piece of beef and pudding in his paunch these twenty years; I'll be hang'd if the rogue han't been fed on frogs ever since he came over. Away with your trumpery!

Class. Mr. Buck, a compliance with the customs of the country in which we live, where neither our

religion nor our morals are concern'd, is a duty we owe ourselves.

Mr. Sub. Besides, 'squire, Lucinda expects that you should usher her to public places; which it would be impossible to do in that dress.

Buck. Why not?

Mr. Sub. You'd be mobb'd.

Buck. Mobb'd! I should be glad to see that—No! no! they han't spirit enough to mob here; but come, since these fellows here are English, and it is the fashion, try on your fooleries.

Mr. Sub. Mr. Dauphine, come, produce—Upon my word, in an elegant taste, Sir—This gentleman has had the honour to—

Dauph. To work for all the beaux esprits of the court. My good fortune commenc'd by a small alteration in a cut of the corner of the sleeve for Count Crib; but the addition of a ninth plait in the skirt of Marshal Tonerre, was applauded by Madam la duchess Rambouillet, and totally established the reputation of your humble servant.

Buck. Hold your jaw, and dispatch.

Mr. Sub. A word with you—I don't think it impossible to get you acquainted with Madam de Rambouillet.

Buck. An't she a Papist?

Mr. Sub. Undoubtedly.

Buck. Then I'll ha' nothing to say to her.

Mr. Sub. Oh fie! who minds the religion of a pretty woman? Besides, all this country are of the same.

Buck. For that reason I don't care how soon I get out of it : Come, let's get rid of you as soon as we can. And what are you, hey ?

Barb. *Je suis peruquier, Monsieur.*

Buck. Speak English, you son of a whore.

Barb. I am a perrwig-maker, Sir.

Buck. Then why could not you say so at first ? What, are you ashamed of your mother-tongue ? I knew this fellow was a puppy by his pig-tail. Come, let's see your handy-work.

Barb. As I found you were in a hurry, I have brought you, Sir, something that will do for the present : But a peruke is a different *ouvrage*, another sort of a thing here from what it is *en Angleterre*; we must consult the colour of the complexion, and the *tour de visage*, the form of the face; for which end it will be necessary to regard your countenance in different lights: A little to the right, if you please.

Buck. Why, you dog, d'ye think I'll submit to be exercised by you ?

Barb. *Oh mon Dieu! Monsieur*, if you don't, it will be impossible to make your wig *comm' il faut*.

Buck. Sirrah, speak another French word, and I'll kick you down stairs.

Barb. Gad's curse ! Would you resemble some of your countrymen, who, at the first importation, with nine hairs of a side to a brawny pair of cheeks, look like a Saracen's head ! Or else their water-gruel jaws, sunk in a thicket of curls, appear for all the world like a lark in a soup-dish !

Mr. Sub. Come, 'squire, submit; 'tis but for once.

Buck. Well, but what must I do?

[*Places him in a chair.*]

Barb. To the right, Sir—now to the left—now your full—and now, Sir, I'll do your business.

Mr. Sub. Look at yourself a little; see what a revolution this has occasioned in your whole figure.

Buck. Yes, a bloody pretty figure indeed! But 'tis a figure I am damnably ashamed of: I would not be seen by Jack Wildfire or Dick Riot for fifty pounds in this trim, for all that.

Mr. Sub. Upon my honour, dress greatly improves you. Your opinion, Mr. Classic.

Class. They do mighty well, Sir; and in a little time Mr. Buck will be easy in them.

Buck. Shall I? I am glad on't, for I am damnably uneasy at present, Mr. Subtle. What must I do now?

Mr. Sub. Now, Sir, if you'll call upon my wife, you'll find Lucinda with her, and I'll wait on you presently.

Buck. Come along, Domine! But hark'ee, Mr. Subtle, I'll out of my trammels when I hunt with the king.

Mr. Sub. Well, well.

Buck. I'll on with my jemmies; none of your black bags and jack-boots for me.

Mr. Sub. No, no.

Buck. I'll show them the odds on't, old Silver-tail! I will. Hey!

Mr. Sub. Ay, ay.

Buck. Hedge, stake, or stile, over we go!

Mr. Sub. Ay; but Mr. Classic waits.

Buck. But d'ye think they'll follow?

Mr. Sub. Oh no! impossible!

Buck. Did I tell you what a chace she carry'd me last Christmas eve? We uckennell'd at——

Mr. Sub. I am busy now; at any other time.

Buck. You'll follow us. I have sent for my hounds and horses.

Mr. Sub. Have you?

Buck. They shall make the tour of Europe with me: And then there's Tom Atkins the huntsman, the two whippers-in, and little Joey the groom, comes with them. Damme, what a strange place they'll think this. But no matter for that; then we shall be company enough of ourselves. But you'll follow us in?

Mr. Sub. In ten minutes—An impertinent jackanapes! But I shall soon ha' done with him. So, gentlemen; well, you see we have a good subject to work upon. Harkee, Dauphine, I must have more than 20 per cent. out of that suit.

Dauph. Upon my soul, Mr. Subtle, I can't.

Mr. Sub. Why, I have always that upon new.

Dauph. New, Sir! Why, as I hope to be——

Mr. Sub. Come, don't lie; don't damn yourself, Dauphine; don't be a rogue; did not I see at Madam Fripon's that waistcoat and sleeves upon Colonel Crambo?

Dauph. As to the waistcoat and sleeves, I own ; but for the body and lining—may I never see——

Mr. Sub. Come, don't be a scoundrel ; five-and-thirty, or I've done.

Dauph. Well, if I must, I must. [*Exit Dauph.*]

Mr. Sub. Oh, Solitaire ! I can't pay that draft of Mr —— these six weeks ; I want money.

Soli. *Je suis dans le meme cas—Je—*

Mr. Sub. What, d'ye mutiny, rascal ? About your business, or—— [*Exeunt.*]

I must keep these fellows under, or I shall have a fine time on't ; they know they can't do without me.

Enter Mrs. SUBTLE.

Mrs. Sub. The Calais letters, my dear.

Mr. Sub. (*reads.*) Ah ! ah ! Calais—the Dover packet arrived last night, loading as follows : Six taylors, ditto barbers ; five milliners, bound to Paris to study fashions ; four citizens come to settle here for a month, by way of seeing the country ; ditto, their wives ; ten French valets, with nine cooks, all from Newgate, where they had been sent for robbing their masters ; nine figure-dancers, exported in September ragged and lean, imported well clad and in good case ; ' twelve dogs, ditto bitches, ' with two monkeys, and a litter of puppies from ' Mother Midnight's in the Hay-market : ' A precious cargo ! *Postscript.* One of the coasters is just put in, with his grace the duke of ——, my lord, and an old gentleman whose name I can't learn !

Gadsol! Well, my dear, I must run, and try to secure these customers; there's no time to be lost.

[Exit. 'Mean while—']

Enter CLASSIC.

Mrs. Sub. So, Mr. Classic, what, have you left the young couple together?

Class. They want your ladyship's presence, Madam, for a short tour to the Tuilleries. I have received some letters, which I must answer immediately.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! well, well; no ceremony; we are all of a family, you know. Servant.

Enter ROGER.

Class. Roger!

Rog. Anon!

Class. I have just received a letter from your old master; he was landed at Calais, and will be this evening at Paris. It is absolutely necessary that this circumstance should be conceal'd from his son; for which purpose you must wait at the Picardy gate, and deliver a letter, I shall give you, into his own hand.

Rog. I'll warrant you.

Class. But, Roger, be secret.

Rog. O lud! never you fear.

Class. So, Mr. Subtle, I see your aim. A pretty lodging we have hit upon; the mistress a commode, and the master a—But who can this ward be? Possibly the neglected punk of some riotous man of quality. 'Tis lucky Mr. Buck's father is arriv'd,

or my authority would prove but an insufficient match for my pupil's obstinacy. This mad boy! How difficult, how disagreeable a task have I undertaken? And how general, yet how dangerous, an experiment is it to expose our youth, in the very fire and fury of their blood, to all the follies and extravagance of this fantastic court? Far different was the prudent practice of our forefathers:

They scorn'd to truck, for base unmanly arts,
Their native plainness and their honest hearts;
Whene'er they deign'd to visit haughty France,
'Twas armed with bearded dart and pointed lance.

' No pompous pageants lur'd their curious eye,

' No charms for them had fops or flattery;

' Paris, they knew, their streamers wav'd around,

' There Britons saw a British Harry crown'd.'

Far other views attract our modern race,

Trulls, toupees, trinkets, bags, brocade, and lace; }

A flaunting form and a fictitious face. }

Rouse! reassume! refuse a Gallic reign,

Nor let their arts win that their arms could never
gain.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Enter Mr. CLASSIC and ROGER.

Roger.

OLD maister's at a coffee-house next street, and will tarry till you send for 'un.

Class. By-and-bye; in the dusk, bring him up the back-stairs. You must be careful that nobody sees him.

Rog. I warrant you.

Class. Let Sir John know that I would wait on him myself, but I don't think it safe to quit the house an instant.

Rog. Ay, ay.

[*Exit Roger.*]

Class. I suppose by this time matters are pretty well settled within, and my absence only wanted to accomplish the scene; but I shall take care to——
Oh! Mr. Subtle and his lady.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. SUBTLE.

Mrs. Sub. Oh, delightfully! Now, my dearest, I hope you will no longer dispute my abilities for forming a female.

Mr. Sub. Never, never: How the baggage leer'd!

Mrs. Sub. And the booby gap'd!

Mr. Sub. So kind, and yet so coy; so free, but then so reserv'd: Oh, she has him!

Mrs. Sub. Ay, aye; the fish is hook'd: but then safely to land him—Is Classic suspicious?

Mr. Sub. Not that I observe; but the secret must soon be blaz'd.

Mrs. Sub. Therefore dispatch: I have laid a trap to inflame his affection.

Mr. Sub. How?

Mrs. Sub. He shall be treated with a display of Lucy's talents; her singing, and dancing.

Mr. Sub. Psha! her singing and dancing!

Mrs. Sub. Ah! you don't know, husband, half the force of these accomplishments in a fashionable figure.

Mr. Sub. I doubt her execution.

Mrs. Sub. You have no reason; she does both well enough to flatter a fool, especially with love for her second: besides, I have a coup de maitre, a sure card.

Mr. Sub. What's that?

Mrs. Sub. A rival.

Mr. Sub. Who?

Mrs. Sub. The language-master: He may be easily equipt for the expedition; a second-hand tawdry suit of cloaths will pass him on our countryman for a marquis; and then, to excuse his speaking our language so well, he may have been educated early in England. But hush! the Squire approaches; don't seem to observe him.

Enter BUCK.

For my part, I never saw any thing so alter'd since

I was born : In my conscience, I believe she's in love with him.

Buck. Hush!

[*Aside.*

Mr. Sub. D'ye think so?

Mrs. Sub. Why, where's the wonder? He's a pretty, good-humour'd sprightly fellow: and, for the time, such an improvement! Why, he wears his cloaths as easily, and moves as genteely, as if he had been at Paris these twenty years.

Mr. Sub. Indeed! How does he dance?

Mrs. Sub. Why, he has had but three lessons from Marseil, and he moves already like Dupré. Oh! three months stay here will render him a perfect model for the English court.

Mr. Sub. Gadso! No wonder then, with these qualities, that he has caught the heart of my ward; but we must take care that the girl does nothing imprudent.

Mrs. Sub. Oh, dismiss your fears; her family, good sense, and, more than all, her being educated under my eye, render them unnecessary; besides, Mr. Buck is too much a man of honour to ———

(*He interrupts them.*)

Buck. Damn me if I an't.

Mrs. Sub. Bless me, Sir, you here! I did not expect ———

Buck. I beg pardon: but all that I heard was, that Mr. Buck was a man of honour. I wanted to have some chat with you, Madam, in private.

Mr. Sub. Then I'll withdraw. You see I dare trust you alone with my wife.

Buck. So you may safely; I have other game in view. Servant Mr. Subtle.

Mrs. Sub. Now for a puzzling scene: I long to know how he'll begin. (*Aside.*) Well, Mr. Buck, your commands with me, Sir?

Buck. Why, Madam—I ah—I ah—but let's shut the door: I was, Madam—ah! ah! Can't you guess what I want to talk about?

Mrs. Sub. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Buck. Well, but try; upon my soul, I'll tell you if you're right.

Mrs. Sub. It will be impossible for me to devine—But come, open a little.

Buck. Why, have you observ'd nothing?

Mrs. Sub. About who?

Buck. Why, about me.

Mrs. Sub. Yes; you are new-dress'd, and your cloaths become you.

Buck. Pretty well; but it an't that.

Mrs. Sub. What is it?

Buck. Why, ah! ah!—Upon my soul, I can't bring it out.

Mrs. Sub. Nay, then 'tis to no purpose to wait: Write your mind.

Buck. No, no; stop a moment, and I will tell.

Mrs. Sub. Be expeditious, then.

Buck. Why, I wanted to talk about Miss Lucinda.

Mrs. Sub. What of her?

Buck. She's a bloody fine girl; and I should be glad to——

Mrs. Sub. To——Bless me!—What, Mr. Buck,

and in my house?—Oh, Mr. Buck, you have deceived me!—Little did I think, that under the appearance of so much honesty, you could go to——

Buck. Upon my soul, you're mistaken.

Mrs. Sub. A poor orphan too! depriv'd in her earliest infancy of a father's prudence and a mother's care.

Buck. Why, I tell you——

Mrs. Sub. So sweet, so lovely an innocence; her mind as spotless as her person.

Buck. Hey-day!

Mrs. Sub. And me, Sir; where had you your thoughts of me? How dar'd you suppose that I would connive at such a——

Buck. The woman is bewitch'd.

Mrs. Sub. I! whose untainted reputation the blistering tongue of slander never blasted. Full fifteen years, in wedlock's sacred bands, have I liv'd unapproach'd; and now to——

Buck. Od's fury! She's in heroics.

Mrs. Sub. And this from you too, whose fair outside and bewitching tongue had so far lull'd my fears, I dar'd have trusted all my daughters, nay, myself too, singly, with you.

Buck. Upon my soul, and so you might safely.

Mrs. Sub. Well, Sir, and what have you to urge in your defence?

Buck. Oh, oh! What, are you got pretty well to the end of your line, are you? And now, if you'll be quiet a bit, we may make a shift to understand one another a little.

Mrs. Sub. Be quick, and ease me of my fears.

Buck. Ease you of your fears! I don't know how the devil you got them. All that I wanted to say was, that Miss Lucy was a fine wench; and if she was as willing as me——

Mrs. Sub. Willing! Sir! What demon——

Buck. If you are in your airs again, I may as well decamp.

Mrs. Sub. I am calm; go on.

Buck. Why, that if she lik'd me as well as I lik'd her, we might, perhaps, if you lik'd it too, be married together.

Mrs. Sub. Oh, Sir! if that was indeed your drift, I am satisfy'd. But don't indulge your wish too much; there are numerous obstacles; your father's consent, the law of the land——

Buck. What laws?

Mrs. Sub. All clandestine marriages are void in this country.

Buck. Damn the country!—In London now, a footman may drive to May-fair, and in five minutes be tack'd to a countess; but there's no liberty here.

Mrs. Sub. Some inconsiderate couples have indeed gone off post to Protestant states; but I hope my ward will have more prudence.

Buck. Well, well, leave that to me. D'ye think she likes me?

Mrs. Sub. Why, to deal candidly with you, she does.

Buck. Does she, by——

Mrs. Sub. Calm your transports.

Buck. Well! but how? She did not, did she? Hey! Come now, tell——

Mrs. Sub. I hear her coming; this is her hour for music and dancing.

Buck. Could I not have a peep?

Mrs. Sub. Withdraw to this corner.

Enter LUCINDA, with GAMUT.

Luc. The news, the news, Monsieur Gamut; I die, if I have not the first intelligence! What's doing at Versailles? When goes the court to Marli? Does Rameau write the next opera? What say the critics of Voltaire's Duke de Foix?—Answer me all in a breath.

Buck. A brave-spirited girl! She'll take a five-barr'd gate in a fortnight.

Gam. The conversation of the court your ladyship has engross'd, ever since you last honour'd it with your appearance.

Luc. Oh, you flatterer! have I? Well, and what fresh victims? But 'tis impossible; the sunshine of a northern beauty is too feeble to thaw the icy heart of a French courtier.

Gam. What injustice to your own charms and our discernment!

Luc. Indeed! nay, I care not—if I have fire enough to warm one British bosom, rule! rule! ye Paris belles! I envy not your conquests.

Mrs. Sub. Meaning you.

Buck. Indeed!

Mrs. Sub. Certain!

Buck. Hush!

Luc. But come, a truce to gallantry, Gamut, and to the business of the day. Oh! I am quite enchanted with this new instrument; 'tis so languishing and so portable, and so soft and so silly—But come, for your last lesson.

Gam. D'ye like the words?

Luc. Oh, charming! They are so melting, and easy, and elegant. Now for a *coup d'essai*.

Gam. Take care of your expression; let your eyes and address accompany the sound and sentiment.

Luc. But, dear Gamut, if I am out, don't interrupt me; correct me afterwards.

Gam. *Allons, commencez.*

[*Lucinda sings.*

[*An occasional song is here introduced by Lucinda.*]

Gam. Bravo! bravo!

Buck. Bravo! bravissimo! My lady, what was the song about?

[*Aside to Mrs. Subtle.*

Mrs. Sub. Love: 'tis her own composing.

Buck. What, does she make verses then?

Mrs. Sub. Finely. I take you to be the subject of these.

Buck. Ah! d'ye think so? Gad! I thought by her ogling, 'twas the music-man himself.

Luc. Well, Mr. Gamut; tolerably well, for so young a scholar.

Gam. Inimitably, Madam! Your Ladyship's progress will undoubtedly fix my fortune.

Enter SERVANT.

Luc. Your servant, Sir.

Ser. Madam, your dancing-master, Monsieur Kitteau.

Luc. Admit him.

Enter KITTEAU.

Monsieur Kitteau, I can't possibly take a lesson this morning, I am so busy; but if you please, I'll just hobble over a minuet by way of exercise.

[*A minuet here introduced.*]

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Monsieur le Marquis de——

Luc. Admit him this instant.

Mrs. Sub. A lover of Lucinda! a Frenchman of fashion, and vast fortune.

Buck. Never heed; I'll soon do his business, I'll warrant you.

Enter MARQUIS.

Luc. My dear Marquis!

Mar. *Ma chere adorable!*——'Tis an age since I saw you.

Luc. Oh! an eternity! But 'tis your own fault, though.

Mar. My misfortune, *ma princesse!* But now I'll redeem my error, and root for ever here.

Buck. I shall make a shift to transplant you, I believe.

Luc. You can't conceive how your absence has distress'd me. Demand of these gentlemen the melancholy mood of my mind.

Mar. But now that I'm arriv'd, we'll dance and sing, and drive care to the—Ha! Monsieur Kitteau! Have you practised this morning?

Luc. I had just given my hand to Kitteau before you came.

Mar. I was in hopes that honour would have been reserv'd for me. May I flatter myself that your ladyship will do me the honour of venturing upon the fatigue of another minuet this morning with me?

Enter BUCK briskly. Takes her hand.

Buck. Not that you know of, Monsieur.

Mar. Hey! *Diable! Quelle bête!*

Buck. Harkee, Monsieur Ragout, if you repeat that word *bête*, I shall make you swallow it again, as I did last night one of your countrymen.

Mar. *Quel savage!*

Buck. And another word; as I know you can speak very good English, if you will; when you don't, I shall take it for granted you're abusing me, and treat you accordingly.

Mar. Cavalier enough! But you are protected here. Mademoiselle, who is this officious gentleman? How comes he to be interested? Some relation, I suppose?

Buck. No; I'm a lover.

Mar. Oh! Oh! a rival! *Eh morbleu!* a dangerous one too. Ha, ha! Well, Monsieur, what, and I suppose you presume to give laws to this lady; and are determin'd, out of your very great and singular affection, to knock down every mortal she likes, *a-la-mode d' Angletterre?* Hey! Monsieur Roast-beef!

Buck. No; but I intend that lady for my wife: consider her as such; and don't choose to have her soil'd by the impertinent addresses of every French fop, *a-la-mode de Paris*, Monsieur Fricassy!

Mar. Fricassy!

Buck. We.

Luc. A truce, a truce, I beseech you, gentlemen: it seems I am the golden prize for which you plead; produce your pretensions; you are the representatives of your respective countries. Begin, Marquis, for the honour of France; let me hear what advantages I am to derive from a conjugal union with you.

Mar. Abstracted from those which I think are pretty visible, a perpetual residence in this paradise of pleasures; to be the object of universal adoration; to say what you please, go where you will, do what you like, form fashions; hate your husband, and let him see it; indulge your gallant, and let t'other know it; run in debt, and oblige the poor devil to pay it. He! *Ma chere!* There are pleasures for you.

Luc. Bravo! Marquis! these are allurements for a woman of spirit: but don't let us conclude hastily; hear the other side. What have you to offer, Mr. Buck, in favour of England?

Buck. Why, Madam, for a woman of spirit, they give you the same advantages at London as at Paris, with a privilege forgot by the Marquis, an indisputable right to cheat at cards, in spite of detection.

Mar. Pardon me, Sir, we have the same; but I thought this privilege so known and universal, that 'twas needless to mention it.

Buck. You give up nothing, I find : but to tell you my blunt thoughts in a word, if any woman can be so abandon'd, as to rank amongst the comforts of matrimony, the privilege of hating her husband, and the liberty of committing every folly and every vice contained in your catalogue, she may stay single for me; for damn me if I'm a husband fit for her humour; that's all.

Mar. I told you, Mademoiselle !

Luc. But stay; what have you to offer as a counterbalance for these pleasures ?

Buck. Why, I have, Madam, courage to protect you, good-nature to indulge your love, and health enough to make gallants useless, and too good a fortune to render running in debt necessary. Find that here if you can.

Mar. Bagatelle !

Luc. Spoke with the sincerity of a Briton; and as I don't perceive that I shall have any use for the fashionable liberties you propose, you'll pardon, Marquis, my national prejudice, here's my hand, Mr. Buck.

Buck. Servant, Monsieur.

Mar. *Serviteur.*

Buck. No offence ?

Mar. Not in the least ; I am only afraid the reputation of that lady's taste will suffer a little; and to show her at once the difference of her choice, the preference, which if bestowed on me would not fail to exasperate you, I support without murmuring; so that favour which would probably have provok'd

my fate, is now your protection. *Voilà la politesse Francoise*, Madam; I have the honour to be——

Bon jour, Monsieur. Tol de rol. [Exit Mar.

Buck. The fellow bears it well. Now, if you'll give me your hand, we'll in, and settle matters with Mr. Subtle.

Luc. 'Tis now my duty to obey. [Exeunt.

Enter ROGER, peeping about.

Rog. The coast is clear; Sir, Sir, you may come in now, Mr. Classic.

Enter Mr. CLASSIC and Sir JOHN BUCK.

Class. Roger, watch at the door. I wish, Sir John, I could give you a more cheerful welcome: but we have no time to lose in ceremony; you are arrived in the critical minute; two hours more would have plac'd the inconsiderate couple out of the reach of pursuit.

Sir John. How can I acknowledge your kindness? You have preserv'd my son; you have sav'd——

Class. I have done my duty; but of that——

Rog. Maister and the young woman's coming.

Class. Sir John, place yourself here, and be a witness how near a crisis is the fate of your family.

Enter BUCK and LUCINDA.

Buck. Psha! What signifies her? 'Tis odds whether she'd consent, from the fear of my father. Besides, she told me we could never be married here; and so pack up a few things, and we'll off in a post-chaise directly.

Luc. Stay, Mr. Buck, let me have a moment's reflection—What am I about? Contriving in concert with the most profligate couple that ever disgrac'd human nature, to impose an indigent orphan on the sole representative of a wealthy and honourable family! Is this a character becoming my birth and education? What must be the consequence? Sure detection and contempt; contempt even from him, when his passions cool—I have resolv'd, Sir.

Buck. Madam!

Luc. As the expedition we are upon the point of taking, is to be a lasting one, we ought not to be over hasty in our resolution.

Buck. Psha! Stuff! When a thing's resolv'd, the sooner 'tis over the better.

Luc. But before it is absolutely resolv'd, give me leave to beg an answer to two questions.

Buck. Make haste then.

Luc. What are your thoughts of me?

Buck. Thoughts! Nay, I don't know; why, that you are a sensible, civil, handsome, handy girl, and will make a devilish good wife. That's all I think.

Luc. But of my rank and fortune?

Buck. Mr. Subtle says they are both great; but that's no business of mine; I was always determin'd to marry for love.

Luc. Generously said! My birth, I believe, won't disgrace you; but for my fortune, your friend Mr. Subtle, I fear, has anticipated you there.

Buck. Much good may it do him; I have enough for both: but we lose time, and may be prevented.

Luc. By whom?

Buck. By domine; or perhaps father may come.

Luc. Your father!—You think he would prevent you then?

Buck. Perhaps he would.

Luc. And why?

Buck. Nay, I don't know: but psha! 'zooks! this is like saying one's catechise.

Luc. But don't you think your father's consent necessary?

Buck. No: why 'tis I am to be married and not he. But come along: old fellows love to be obstinate; but 'ecod I am as mulish as he; and to tell you the truth, if he had propos'd me a wife, that would have been reason enough to make me dislike her; and I don't think I should be half so hot about marrying you, only I thought 'twould plague the old fellow damnably. So, my pretty partner, come along; let's have no more——

Enter Sir JOHN BUCK and CLASSIC.

Sir John. Sir, I am obliged to you for this declaration, as to it I owe the entire subjection of that paternal weakness which has hitherto suspended the correction your abandoned libertinism has long provok'd. You have forgot the duty you owe a father, disclaim'd my protection, cancell'd the natural covenant between us; 'tis time I now should give you up to the guidance of your own guilty passions, and treat you as a stranger to my blood for ever.

D

Buck. I told you what would happen if he should come; but you may thank yourself.

Sir John. Equally weak as wicked, the dupe of a raw, giddy girl. But proceed, Sir; you have nothing farther to fear from me; complete your project, and add her ruin to your own.

Buck. Sir, as to me, you may say what you please; but for the young woman, she does not deserve it; but now she wanted me to get your consent, and told me that she had never a penny of portion into the bargain.

Sir John. A stale, obvious artifice! She knew the discovery of the fraud must follow close on your inconsiderate marriage, and would then plead the merits of her prior candid discovery. The lady, doubtless, Sir, has other secrets to disclose; but as her cunning reveal'd the first, her policy will preserve the rest.

Luc. What secrets?

Buck. Be quiet, I tell you; let him alone, and he'll cool of himself by-and-by.

Luc. Sir, I am yet the protectress of my own honour? in justice to that, I must demand an explanation. What secrets, Sir?

Sir John. Oh, perhaps a thousand. But I am to blame to call them secrets; the customs of this gay country give sanction, and stamp merit upon vice! and vanity will here proclaim what modesty would elsewhere blush to whisper.

Luc. Modesty!—You suspect my virtue then?

Sir John. You are a lady; but the fears of a father

may be permitted to neglect a little your plan of politeness: therefore, to be plain, from your residence in this house, from your connection with these people, and from the scheme which my presence has interrupted, I have suspicions—of what nature ask yourself.

Luc. Sir, you have reason; appearances are against me, I confess; but when you have heard my melancholy story, you'll own you have wrong'd me, and learn to pity her whom you now hate.

Sir John. Madam, 'you misemploy your time; 'there tell your story, there it will be believed;' I am too knowing in the wiles of women to be soften'd by a syren-tear, or impos'd on by an artful tale.

Luc. But hear me, Sir; on my knee I beg it, nay I demand it; you have wrong'd me, and must do me justice.

Class. I am sure, Madam, Sir John will be glad to find his fears are false; but you can't blame him.

Luc. I don't, Sir; and I shall but little trespass on his patience. When you know, Sir, that I am the orphan of an honourable and once wealthy family, whom her father, misguided by pernicious politics, brought with him, in her earliest infancy, to France; that dying here, he bequeath'd me, with the poor remnant of our shatter'd fortune, to the direction of this rapacious pair; I am sure you'll tremble for me.

Sir John. Go on.

Luc. But when you know that, plunder'd of the little fortune left me, I was reluctantly compell'd to aid this plot; forced to comply, under the penalty

of deepest want; without one hospitable roof to shelter me; without one friend to comfort or relieve me; you must, you can't but pity me.

Sir John. Proceed.

Luc. To this when you are told, that, previous to your coming, I had determined never to wed your son, at least without your knowledge and consent, I hope your justice then will credit and acquit me.

Sir John. Madam, your tale is plausible and moving; I hope 'tis true. Here comes the explainer of this riddle.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. SUTLE.

Mr. Sub. Buck's father!

Sir John. I'll take some other time, Sir, to thank you for the last proofs of your friendship to my family; in the mean time, be so candid as to instruct us in the knowledge of this lady, whom, it seems you have chosen for the partner of my son.

Mr. Sub. Mr. Buck's partner—I chose—I——

Sir John. No equivocation or reserve; your plot's reveal'd, known to the bottom. Who is the lady?

Mr. Sub. Lady, Sir,—the lady's a gentlewoman, Sir.

Sir John. By what means?

Mr. Sub. By her father and mother.

Sir John. Who were they, Sir?

Mr. Sub. Her mother was of—I forget her maiden name.

Sir John. You ha'nt forgot her father's?

Mr. Sub. No, no, no.

Sir John. Tell it then.

Mr. Sub. She has told it you, I suppose.

Sir John. No matter, I must have it, Sir, from you. Here's some mystery.

Mr. Sub. 'Twas Wor.hy.

Sir John. Not the daughter of Sir Gilbert?

Mr. Sub. You have it.

Sir John. My poor girl! I indeed have wrong'd, but will redress you. And pray, Sir, after the many pressing letters you received from me, how came this truth concealed? But I guess your motive. Dry up your tears, Lucinda, at last you have found a father. Hence, ye degenerate, ye abandon'd wretches, who, abusing the confidence of your country, unite to plunder those ye promise to protect

[Exit Mr. and Mrs. Subtle.]

Luc. Am I then justified?

Sir John. You are: your father was my first and firmest friend; I mourn'd his loss; and long have sought for thee in vain, Lucinda.

Buck. Pray, han't I some merit in finding her? she's mine by the custom of the manor.

Sir John. Yours!—First study to deserve her; she's mine, Sir; I have just redeem'd this valuable treasure, and shall not trust it in a spendthrift's hands.

Buck. What would you have me do, Sir?

Sir John. Disclaim the partners of your riot, polish your manners, reform your pleasures, and before you think of governing others, learn to direct yourself. And now, my beauteous ward, we'll for the

land where first you saw the light, and there endeavour to forget the long, long bondage you have suffer'd here. I suppose, Sir, we shall have no difficulty in persuading you to accompany us; it is not in France I am to hope for your reformation. I have now learn'd, that he who transports a profligate son to Paris, by way of mending his manners, only adds the vices and follies of that country to those of his own.

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E P I L O G U E.

SPOKEN BY LUCINDA.

ESCCAP'D from my guardian's tyrannical sway,
 By a fortunate voyage on a prosperous day,
 I am landed in England; and now must endeavour,
 By some means or other, to curry your favour.

Of what use to be freed from a Gallic subjection,
 Unless I'm secure of a British protection?
 Without cash--but one friend--and he too just made;
 Egad, I've a mind to set up some trade:
 Of what sort? In the papers I'll publish a puff,
 Which won't fail to procure me custom enough;

"That a lady from Paris is lately arriv'd,
 "Who with exquisite art has nicely contriv'd
 "The best paint for the face--the best paste for the
 "hands;

"A water for freckles, for flushings, and tans.
 "She can teach you the melior coiffeure for the head,
 "To lisp--amble--and simper--and put on the red:
 "To rival, to rally, to backbite, and sneer,
 "Um--no; that they already know pretty well here.
 "The beaux she instructs to bow with a grace,
 "The happiest shrug--the newest grimace;
 "To *parler Francois*--fib, flatter, and dance;
 "Which is very near all that they teach ye in France.

“ Not a buck nor a blood, through the whole Eng-
“ lish nation,
“ But his roughness she'll soften, his figure she'll
“ fashion.
“ The merriest John Trot in a week you shall zee
“ *Bien poli, bien frizé, tout-à-fait un marquis.*”

What d'ye think of my plan, is it form'd to your
gout?

May I hope for disciples in any of you?

Shall I tell you my thoughts, without guile, without
art?

Though abroad I've been bred, I have Britain at
heart.

Then take this advice, which I give for her sake,
You'll gain nothing by any exchange you can make:
In a country of commerce, too great the expense,
For their baubles and bows to give you good sense.



PARSON'S MINOR THEATRE.



Printed for J. Wilson, 21, Rastmarcher Row May 1794.

THE
Englishman return'd from Paris.

A COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London :

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,
FOR J. PARSONS, NO 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1794.

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Englishman return'd from Paris.

*This piece is supplimentary of the foregoing, and
written by the same author.*

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Buck,	-	MR. FOOTE
Crab,	-	MR. SPARKS
Lord John,	-	MR. WHITE
Macruthen,	-	MR. SHUTER
Racket,	-	MR. CUSHIN
Tallyhoe,	-	MR. COSTOLIO
Latitat,	-	MR. WIGNEL
Surgeon,	-	MR. DUNSTALL.

Women.

Lucinda,	-	MRS. BELLAMY.
Le Jonquil, La Loire, Bearnois, and Servants.		

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. FOOTE.

OF all the passions that possess mankind,
The love of novelty rules most the mind ;
In search of this from realm to realm we roam,
Our fleets come fraught with ev'ry folly home.
From Lybia's desarts hostile brutes advance ;
And dancing-dogs in droves skip here from France :
From Latian lands gigantic forms appear,
Striking our British breasts with awe and fear,
As once the Lilliputians——Gulliver. }
Not only objects that affect the sight,
In foreign arts and artists we delight.
Near to that spot where Charles bestrides a horse,
(In humble prose) the place is Charing-Cross ;
Close by the margin of a kennel's side,
A dirty dismal entry opens wide :
There, with hoarse voice, check'd shirt, and callous
hand,
Duff's Indian English trader takes his stand,
Surveys each passenger with curious eyes,
And rustic Roger falls an easy prize :
Here's China porcelaine that Chelsea yields,
And India handkerchiefs from Spitalfields ;
With Turkey carpets that from Wilton came,
And Spanish tucks and blades from Birmingham.

Factors are forc'd to favour this deceit,
And English goods are smuggled thro' the street.

The rude to polish, and the fair to please,
The hero of to-night has cross'd the seas ;
Tho' to be born a Briton be his crime,
He's manufactur'd in another clime.
'Tis Buck begs leave once more to come before ye,
The little subject of a former story :
How chang'd, how fashion'd, whether brute or beau,
We trust the following scenes will fully show.
For them and him we your indulgence crave ;
'Tis ours still to sin, and yours to save.



THE
Englishman return'd from Paris.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Crab discovered reading.

“AND I do constitute my very good friend Giles
“ Crab, Esq. of St. Martin’s in the Fields, ex-
“ cutor to this my will; and do appoint him guar-
“ dian to my ward Lucinda; and do submit to his
“ direction the management of all my affairs till the
“ return of my son from his travels; whom I do in-
“ treat my said executor, in consideration of our
“ ancient friendship, to advise, to counsel, &c. &c.
“ JOHN BUCK.”

A good, pretty legacy! Let’s see; I find myself heir
by this generous devise of my very good friend, to
ten actions at common law, nine suits in chancery;
the conduct of a boy, bred a booby at home, and
finished a fop abroad; together with the direction

of a marriageable, and therefore an unmanageable, wench; and all this to an old fellow of sixty-six, who heartily hates bus'ness, is tired of the world, and despises every thing in it. Why, how the devil came I to merit——

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Mr. Latitat of Staple's Inn.

Crab. So, here begin my plagues. Show the hound in.

Enter LATITAT, with a bag, &c.

Lat. I wou'd, Mr. Crab, have attended your summons immediately; but I was obliged to sign judgment in error at the common-pleas; sue out of the exchequer a writ of *quæ minus*; and surrender in *banco regi* the defendant, before the return of *scifa*, to discharge the bail.

Crab. Pr'ythee, man, none of thy unintelligible law-jargon to me; but tell me, in the language of common sense and thy country, what I am to do?

Lat. Why, Mr. Crab, as you are already possess'd of a *probat*, and letters of administration *de bonis* are granted, you may sue or be sued. I hold it sound doctrine for no executor to discharge debts without a receipt upon record, this can be obtained by no means but by an action. Now actions, Sir, are of various kinds: There are special actions; actions on the case, 'or *assumpsits*;' actions of trover; 'actions of *clausum fregit*;' actions of battery; actions of——

Crab. Hey, the devil, where's the fellow running now?—But hark'ee, Latitat, why I thought all our law-proceedings were directed to be in English.

Lat. True, Mr. Crab.

Crab. And what do you call all this stuff, ha?

Lat. English.

Crab. The devil you do.

Lat. Vernacular, upon my honour, Mr. Crab. For as Lord Coke describes the common law to be the perfection——

Crab. So here's a fresh deluge of impertinence.—A truce to thy authorities, I beg; and as I find it will be impossible to understand thee without an interpreter, if you will meet me at five, at Mr. Brief's chambers, why, if you have any thing to say, he will translate it for me.

Lat. Mr. Brief, Sir, and translate, Sir!—Sir I would have you to know, that no practitioner in Westminster-hall gives clearer——

Crab. Sir, I believe it;—for which reason I have referred you to a man who never goes into Westminster-hall.

'*Lat.* A bad proof of his practice, Mr. Crab.

'*Crab.* A good one of his principles, Mr. Latitat.'

Lat. Why, Sir, do you think that a lawyer——

Crab. Zounds, Sir! I never thought about a lawyer—The law is an oracular idol, you are the explanatory ministers; nor should any of my own private concerns have made me bow to your beastly Baal. I had rather lose a cause than contest it.

And Had not this old doating dunce, Sir John Buck, plagu'd me with the management of his money, and the care of his booby boy, bedlam shou'd sooner have had me than the bar.

Lat. Bedlam, the bar! Since, Sir, I am provok'd I don't know what your choice may be, or what your friends may choose for you; I wish I was your *prochain ami*:—But I am under some doubts as to the sanity of the testator, otherwise he could not have chosen for his executor, under the sanction of the law, a person who despises the law. And the law, give me leave to tell you, Mr. Crab, is the bulwark, the fence, the protection, the *sine qua non*, the *non plus ultra*—

Crab. Mercy, good six-and eight pence.

Lat. The defence, and offence, the by which, and the whereby, the statute common, and customary; or, as Plowden classically and elegantly expresses it, 'tis

Mos commune vetus mores, consulta senatus,

Hæc tria jus statuunt terra Britannia tibi.

Crab. Zounds, Sir, among all your laws, are there none to protect a man in his own house?

Lat. Sir, a man's house is his *castellum*, his castle; and so tender is the law of any infringement of that sacred right, that any attempt to invade it by force, fraud or violence, clandestinely, or *vi et armis*, is not only deem'd felonious but *burglariens*. Now, Sir, a burglary may be committed, either upon the dwelling, or the out-house.

Crab. O lud! O lud!

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Your clerk, Sir—The parties, he says are all in waiting at your chambers.

Lat. I come. I will but just explain to Mr. Crab the nature of a burglary, as it has been described by a late statute.

Crab. Zounds, Sir! I have not the least curiosity.

Lat. Sir, but every gentleman should know——

Crab. I won't know.—Besides, your clients——

Lat. O, they may stay. I shan't take up five minutes, Sir——A burglary——

Crab. Not an instant.

Lat. By the common law——

Crab. I'll not hear a word.

Lat. It was but a *claustrum fregit*.

Crab. Dear Sir, be gone.

Lat. But by the late acts of par——

Crab. Help, you dog. Zounds, Sir, get out of my house.

Ser. Your clients, Sir——

Crab. Push him out. (*The lawyer talking all the while.*) So ho! Harkee, rascal, if you suffer that fellow to enter my doors again, I'll strip and discard you the very next minute. (*Exit Servant.*) This is but the beginning of my torments. But that I expect the young whelp from abroad every instant, I'd fly for it myself, and quit the kingdom at once.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. My young master's travelling tutor, Sir, just arrived.

Crab. Oh, then I suppose the blockhead of a baronet is close at his heels. Show him in. This bear-leader, I reckon now is either the clumsy curate of the Knight's parish-church; or some needy Highlander, the outcast of his country, who, with the pride of a German baron, the poverty of a French marquis, the address of a Swiss soldier, and the learning of an academy usher, is to give our heir-apparent politeness, taste, literature; a perfect knowledge of the world, and of himself.

Enter MACRUTHEN.

Mac. Maister Crab, I am your devoted servant.

Crab. 'Oh, a British child, by the mass.'—Well, where's your charge?

Mac. O, the young baronet is o'the road. I was mighty afraid he had o'rta'en me; for between Canterbury and Rochester, I was stopt and robb'd by a highwayman.

Crab. Robb'd! What the devil cou'd he rob you of?

Mac. In gude troth, not a mighty booty. Buchanan's history, Lauder against Melton, and two pound of high-dry'd Glasgow.

Crab. A good travelling equipage. Well, and what's become of your cub? where have you left him?

Mac. Main you Sir Charles?—I left him at Calais, with another young nobleman returning from his travel's. But why caw ye him cub, Maister Crab? In gude troth, there's a meeghty alteration.

Crab. Yes, yes; I have a shrewd guess at his improvements.

Mac. He's quite a phenomenon.

Crab. Oh, a comet, I dare swear; but not an unusual one at Paris. The Faux-bourg of St. Germain's swarms with such to the no small amusement of our very good friends the French.

Mac. Oh, the French were mighty fond of him.

Crab. But as to the language, I suppose he's a perfect master of that?

Mac. He can caw for aught that he need; but he is na quite maister of the accent.

Crab. A most astonishing progress!

Mac. Suspend your judgment a while, and you'll find him all you wish, allowing for the sallies of juvenility; and I must take the vanity to myself of being, in a great measure, the author.

Crab. Oh, if he be but a faithful copy of the admirable original, he must be a finish'd piece.

Mac. You are pleased to compliment.

Crab. Not a whit. Well, and what—I suppose you and your — What's your name?

Mac. Macruthen, at your service.

Crab. Macruthen! Hum! You and your pupil agreed very well?

Mac. Perfectly. The young gentleman is of an amiable disposition.

Crab. Oh, ay; and it would be wrong to sour his temper. You know your duty better, I hope, than to contradict him.

• *Mac.* It was na for me, Maister Crab.

Crab. Oh, by no means, Mr. Macruthen; all your bus'ness was to keep him out of frays; to take care, for the sake of his health, that his wine was genuine, and his mistresses as they shou'd be. You pimp'd for him, I suppose?

Mac. Pimp for him! D'ye mean to affront—

Crab. To suppose the contrary would be the affront, Mr. Tutor. What, man, you know the world. 'Tis not by contradiction, but by compliance, that men make their fortunes. And was it for you to thwart the humour of a lad upon the threshold of ten thousand pounds a-year?

Mac. Why, to be sure, great allowances must be made.

Crab. No doubt, no doubt!

Mac. I see, Maister Crab, you know mankind. You are Sir John Buck's executor.

Crab. True.

Mac. I have a little thought that may be useful to us both.

Crab. As how?

Mac. Cou'd na we contrive to make a hond o'the young baronet.

Crab. Explain.

Mac. Why you by the will, have the care o'the cash; and I can make a shift to manage the lad.

Crab. Oh, I conceive you. And so between us both, we may contrive to ease him of that inheritance which he knows not how properly to employ, and apply it to our own use. You do know how.

Mac. Ye ha' hit it.

Crab. Why, what a superlative rascal art thou, thou inhospitable villain! Under the roof and in the presence of thy benefactor's representative, with almost his ill-bestowed bread in thy mouth, art thou plotting the perdition of his only child? And from what part of my life didst thou derive a hope of my compliance with such a hellish scheme?

‘ *Mac.* Maister Crab, I am of a nation——

‘ *Crab.* Of known honour and integrity—I allow it. The kingdom you have quitted, in consigning the care of its monarch, for ages to your predecessors, in preference to its proper subjects, has given you a brilliant panegyric, that no other people can parallel.

‘ *Mac.* Why, to be sure——

‘ *Crab.* And one happiness it is, that though national glory can beam a brightness on particulars, the crimes of individuals can never reflect a disgrace upon their country. Thy apology but aggravates thy guilt.’

Mac. Why, Maister Crab, I——

Crab. Guilt and confusion choak thy utterance. Avoid my sight; vanish. (*Exit Mac.*) A fine fellow this to protect the person, inform the inexperience, direct and moderate the desires of an unbridled boy! ‘ But can it be strange, whilst the parent negligently accepts a superficial recommendation to so important a trust, that the person, whose wants, perhaps, more than his abilities, make desirous of it, should consider the youth as a kind of property and not study what to make him, but what to

‘ make of him ; and thus prudently lay a foundation
‘ for his future sordid hopes, by a criminal compli-
‘ ance with the lad’s present prevailing passions ?’
But vice and folly rule the world—Without, there.
(*Enter Ser.*) Rascal, where d’you run, blockhead ?
Bid the girl come hither.—Fresh instances, every
moment, fortify my abhorrence, my detestation, of
mankind. ‘ This turn may be term’d misanthropy,
‘ and imputed to chagrin and disappointment ; but
‘ it can only be by those fools who, thro’ softness or
‘ ignorance, regard the faults of others, like their
‘ own, thro’ the wrong end of the perspective.’

Enter LUCINDA.

So, what, I suppose your spirits are all afloat ? You
have heard your fellow’s coming.

Luc. If you had your usual discernment, Sir, you
wou’d distinguish in my countenance an expression
very different from that of joy.

Crab. Oh, what, I suppose your monkey has broke
his chain, or your parrot dy’d in moulting.

Luc. A person less censorious than Mr. Crab,
might assign a more generous motive for my distress.

Crab. Distress ! A pretty poetical phrase ! What
motive canst thou have for distress ? Has not Sir
John Buck’s death assured thy fortune ? and art not
thou——

Luc. By that very means, a helpless, unprotected
orphan.

Crab. Poh ! pr’ythee, wench, none of thy roman-
tic cant to me. What, I know the sex : the

objects of every woman's wish are property and power. The first you have, and the second you won't be long without; for here's a puppy riding post to put on your chains.

Luc. It wou'd appear affectation not to understand you. And to deal freely, it was upon that subject I wish'd to engage you.

Crab. Your information was needless; I knew it.

Luc. Nay, but why so severe? I did flatter myself that the very warm recommendation of your deceased friend wou'd have abated a little of that rigour.

Crab. No wheedling, Lucy. Age and contempt have long shut these gates against flattery and dissimulation. You have no sex for me. Without preface, speak your purpose.

Luc. What then, in a word, is your advice with regard to my marrying Sir Charles Buck?

Crab. And do you seriously want my advice?

Luc. Most sincerely.

Crab. Then you are a blockhead. Why, where cou'd you mend yourself? Is not he a fool, a fortune, and in love?—Look'ee, girl. (*Enter Servant.*) Who, sent for you, Sir?

Ser. Sir, my young master's post-chaise is broke down at the corner of the street by a coal-cart. His cloaths are all dirt, and he swears like a trooper.

Crab. Ay! Why, then carry his chaise to the coach-maker's, his coat to a scowerer's, and him before a justice—Pr'ythee, why dost trouble me? I suppose you wou'd not meet your gallant?

Luc. Do you think I shou'd ?

Crab. No, retire. And if this application for my advice is not a copy of your countenance, a mask ; if you are obedient I may set you right.

Luc. I shall with pleasure follow your directions.

[Exit.

Crab. ' Yes, so long as they correspond with your ' own inclination.' Now we shall see what Paris has done for this puppy. But here he comes, light as the cork in his heels, or the feather in his hat.

Enter BUCK LORD JOHN, LA LOIRE, BEARNOIS, and MACRUTHIN.

Buck. Not a word, mi Lor ; *jernie*, it is not to be supported !—after being *rompu tout vif*, disjointed by that execrable *pave*, to be tumbled into a kennel by a filthy *charbonnier*, a dirty retailer of sea-coal, *morbleu* !

L. John. An accident that might have happened any where, Sir Charles.

Buck. And then the hideous hootings of that detestable *canaille*, that murderous mob, with the barbarous, " Monsieur in the mud, huzza !" Ah, *pàis sauvage, barbare inhospitable* ! Ah, ah, *qu'est ce-que nous avons* ? Who ?

Mac. That is Maister Crab, your father's exeutor.

Buck. Ha, ha, *Serviteur tres humble, Monsieur.* Eh bien ! What ? is he dumb ? Mac, mi Lor, *mort de ma vie*, the veritable Jack roast beef of the French Comedy. Ha, ha ! how do you do, Monsieur Jack-roast-beef ?

Crab. Pr'ythee take a turn or two about the room.

Buck. A turn or two! *Volontiers.* *Eh bien!* Well, have you in your life, seen any thing so, Ha, ha, hey!

Crab. Never. I hope you had not many spectators of your tumble.

Buck. *Pourquoi?* Why so?

Crab. Because I wou'd not have the public curiosity forestalled. I can't but think, in a country so fond of strange sights, if you were kept up a little, you wou'd bring a great deal of money.

Buck. I don't know, my dear, what my person wou'd produce in this country, but the counterpart of your very grotesque figure has been extremely beneficial to the comedians from whence I came. *N'est-ce pas vrai, mi Lor?* Ha, ha!

L. John. The resemblance does not strike me. Perhaps I may seem singular; but the particular customs of particular countries, I own never appeared to me as proper objects of ridicule.

Buck. Why so?

L. John. Because in this case it is impossible to have a rule for your judgment. The forms and customs which climate, constitution, and government, have given to one kingdom, can never be transplanted with advantage to another founded on different principles. And thus, though the habits and manners of different countries may be directly opposite, yet, in my humble conception, they may be strictly, because naturally, right.

Crab. Why, there are some glimmerings of common sense about this young thing. Hark'ee, child, by what accident did you stumble upon this block-

head?—(To Buck.) I suppose the line of your understanding is too short to fathom the depth of your companion's reasoning.

Buck. My dear!

[Gapes.

Crab. I say you can draw no conclusion from the above premisses.

Buck. Who, I? Damn your premisses and conclusions too. But this I conclude, from what I have seen, my dear, that the French are the first people in the universe; that in the arts of living, they do or ought to give laws to the whole world; and that whosoever wou'd either eat, drink, dress, dance, fight, sing, or even sneeze, *avec elegance*, must go to Paris to learn it. This is my creed.

Crab. And these precious principles you are come here to propagate?

Buck. *C'est vrai*, Monsieur Crab: and with the aid of these brother missionaries, I have no doubt of making a great many proselytes. And now for a detail of their qualities. *Bearnois avancez*. This is an officer of my household, unknown to this country.

Crab. And what may he be?—I'll humour the puppy.

Buck. This is my Swiss porter. *Tenez vous droit Bearnois*. There's a fierce figure to guard the gate of an hotel.

Crab. What, do you suppose that we have no porter's?

Buck. Yes, you have dunces that open doors; a drudgery that this fellow does by deputy. But for intrepidity in denying a disagreeable visitor; for po-

liteness in introducing a mistress; acuteness in discerning, and constancy in excluding a dun, a greater genius never came from the Cantons.

Crab. Astonishing qualities!

Buck. *Retirez, Bearnois.* But here's a *bijou*, here's a jewel indeed! *Venez ici, mon cher La Loire. Comment trouvez vous ce Paris ici?*

La Loire. *Très bien.*

Buck. Very well. Civil creature! This, Monsieur Crab, is my cook La Loire; and for *hors d'œuvres, entre rotis, ragoûts, entremets*, and the disposition of a dessert, Paris never saw his parallel.

Crab. His wages, I suppose, are proportioned to his merit.

Buck. A bagatelle, a trifle. Abroad but a bare two hundred. Upon his cheerful compliance in coming hither into exile with me, I have indeed doubled his stipend.

Crab. You could do no less.

Buck. And now, Sir, to complete my equipage, *regardez Monsieur La Jonquil*, my first valet de chambre, excellent in every thing; but *pour l'accommodage*, for decorating the head inimitable. In one word, La Jonquil shall, for fifty to five, knot, twist, tie, frieze, cut, curl, or comb with any *garçon perrequier*, from the Land's-end to the Orkneys.

Crab. Why, what an infinite fund of public spirit must you have, to drain your purse, mortify your inclination, and expose your person, for the mere improvement of your countrymen!

Buck. Oh, I am a very Roman for that. But at present I had another reason of returning.

Crab. Ay, what can that be?

Buck. Why, I find there is a likelihood of some little fracas between us. But, upon my soul, we must be very brutal to quarrel with the dear agreeable creatures for a trifle.

Crab. They have your affections then?

Buck. *De tout mon cœur.* From the infinite civility shown to us in France, and their friendly professions in favour of our country, they can never intend us an injury.

Crab. Oh, you have hit their humour to a hair. But I can have no longer patience with the puppy. Civility and friendship, you booby! Yes, their civility at Paris has not left you a guinea in your pocket, nor would their friendship to your nation leave it a foot of land in the universe.

Buck. Lord John, this is a strange old fellow. Take my word for it, my dear, you mistake this thing egregiously. But all you English are constitutionally sullen.—November-fogs, with salt boil'd beef, are most cursed recipes for good-humour or a quick apprehension. Paris is the place. 'Tis there men laugh, love, and live. *Vive l'amour! Sans amour, et sans ses desirs, un cœur est bien moins heureux qu'il ne pense.*

Crab. Now, wou'd not any soul suppose that this yelping hound had a real relish for the count? try he has quitted?

Buck. A mighty unnatural supposition, truly.

Crab. Foppery and affectation all.

Buck. And do you really think Paris a kind of purgatory, ha, my dear?

Crab. To thee the most solitary spot upon earth, my dear.——Familiar puppy!

Buck. Whimsical enough.' But come, *pour passer le tems*, let us, Old Diogenes, enter into a little debate. Mi Lor, and you, Macruthen, determine the dispute between that source of delights, *ce paradis de plaisir*, and this cave of care, this seat of scurvy and the spleen.

Mac. Let us heed them weel, my Lord. Mai ter Crab has met with his match.

Buck. And first for the great pleasure of life, the pleasure of the table: Ah, *quelle difference!* The case, the wit, the wine, the *badinage*, the *persistage*, the *double entendre*, the *chansons à boire!* O what delicious moments have I pass'd *chez Madame la Duchesse de Barboulia!*

Crab. Your mistress, I suppose?

Buck. Who I! *Fi donc!* How is it possible for a woman to have a *penchant* for me? Hey, Mac!

Mac. Sir Charles is too much a man of honour to blab. But, to say truth, the whole city of Paris thought as much.

Crab. A precious fellow this!

Buck. *Taisez vous*, Mac. But we lose the point in view. Now, Monsieur Crab, let me conduct you to what you call an entertainment. And first: the melancholy mistress is fix'd in her chair, where, by-the-bye, she is condemn'd to do more drudgery

than a dray-horse. Next proceeds the master to marshal the guests; in which as much caution is necessary as at a coronation; with, "My lady, sit here," and, "Sir Thomas, sit there;" till the length of the ceremony, with the length of the grace, have destroy'd all apprehensions of the meat's burning your mouths.

Mac. Bravo, bravo! Did I na' say, Sir Charles was a phenomenon?

Crab. Peace, puppy.

Buck. Then, in solemn silence, they proceed to demolish the substantials, with perhaps an occasional interruption of, "Here's to you, friends;" "Hob or nob;" "Your love and mine." Pork succeeds to beef, pies to puddings. The cloth is remov'd. Madam, drench'd with a bumper, drops a curtsy, and departs; leaving the jovial host with his sprightly companions, to tobacco, port, and politics. '*Viola un repas à la mode d'Angleterre, Monsieur Crab.*'

Crab. It is a thousand pities that your father is not a living witness of these prodigious improvements.

Buck. *C'est vrai.* But, *à propos*, he is dead, as you say, and you are—

Crab. Against my inclination, his executor.

Buck. *Peut-etre*; well, and—

Crab. Oh, my trust will soon determine. One article, indeed, I am strictly enjoined to see performed; your marriage with your old acquaintance Lucinda.

'*Buck.* Ha, ha, *la petite Lucinde! et comment—*'

Crab. Pry'thee, peace; and hear me. She is be-

queath'd conditionally, that if you refuse to marry her, twenty thousand pounds; and if she rejects you, which I suppose she will have the wisdom to do, only five.

Buck. Reject me! Very probable, hey, Mac? But could not we have an *entrevue*?

Crab. Who's there? Let Lucinda know we expect her.

Mac. Had na'ye better, Sir Charles, equip yoursell in a more suitable garb upon a first visit to your mistress?

Crab. Oh, such a figure and address can derive no advantage from dress.

Buck. Serviteur. But, however, Mac's hint may not be so *mal à propos*. *Allons, Jonquil je m'en vais m'habiller.* Mi Lor, shall I trespass upon your patience? My toilette is but a work of ten minutes. Mac, dispose of my domestics *à leur aise*, and then attend me with my port-feuille, and read, while I dress, those remarks I made in last voyage from Fountainebleau to Compeigne. *Serviteur, Messieurs.*

Car le bon vin

Du matin,

Sortant du tonneau,

Vaut bien miex que

Le Latin

De tout la Sarbonne.

[*Exit.*

Crab. This is the most consummate coxcomb! I told the fool of a father what a puppy Paris would produce him; but travel is the word, and the consequence an importation of every foreign folly: And

thus the plain persons and principles of Old England are so confounded and jumbld with the excrementitious growth of every climate, that we have lost all our ancient characteristic, and are become a bundle of contradictions, a piece of patch-work, a mere harlequin's coat.

L. John Do you suppose then, Sir, that no good may be obtain'd—

Crab. Why, prythee, what have you gain'd?

L. John. I should be sorry my acquisitions were to determine the debate. But, do you think, Sir, the shaking off some native qualities, and the being made more sensible, from comparison, of cerain national and constitutional advantages, objects unworthy the attention?

Crab. You show the favourable side, young man: But how frequently are substituted for national prepossessions, always harmless, and often happy, guilt and unnatural prejudices?—'Unnatural!—For 'the wretch who is weak and wicked enough to despise his country, sins against the most laudable law of nature; he is a traitor to the community where Providence has placed him, and should be deny'd those social benefits he has render'd himself unworthy to partake.' But sententious lectures are ill calculated for your time of life.

L. John. I differ from you here, Mr. Crab. Principles that call for perpetual practice cannot be too soon receiv'd. I sincerely thank you, Sir, for this communication, and should be happy to have always near me so moral a monitor.

Crab. You are indebted to France for her flattery. But I leave you with a lady, where it will be better employed.

Enter LUCINDA.

Crab. This young man waits here till your puppy is powder'd. You may ask him after your French acquaintance. I know nothing of him ; but he does not seem to be altogether so great a fool as your fellow. *[Exit.*

Luc. I am afraid, Sir, you have had but a disagreeable *tête à tête*.

L. John. Just the contrary, Madam. By good sense, ting'd with singularity, we are entertain'd as well as improv'd. For a lady, indeed, Mr. Crab's manners are rather too rough.

Luc. Not a jot ; I am familiarized to them. I know his integrity, and can never be disoblig'd by his sincerity.

L. John. This declaration is a little particular from a lady who must have received her first impressions in a place remarkable for its delicacy to the fair-sex. But good-sense can conquer even early habits.

Luc. This compliment I can lay no claim to. The former part of my life procured me but very little indulgence. The pittance of knowledge I possess was taught me by a very severe mistress, Adversity. But you, Sir, are too well acquainted with Sir Charles Buck not to have known my situation.

L. John. I have heard your story, Madam, before I had the honour of seeing you. It was affecting :

You'll pardon the declaration; it now becomes interesting.—However, it is impossible I should not congratulate you on the near approach of the happy catastrophe.

Luc. Events that depend upon the will of another, a thousand unforeseen accidents may interrupt.

L. John. Could I hope, Madam, your present critical condition would acquit me of temerity, I should take the liberty to presume, if the suit of Sir Charles be rejected——

Enter CRAB.

Crab. So, youngster! what I suppose you are already practising one of your foreign lessons. Perverting the affections of a friend's mistress, or debauching his wife, are mere peccadilloes in modern morality—But at present you are my care. That way conducts you to your fellow-traveller. (*Exit L. John.*)—I wou'd speak with you in the library. [*Exit.*]

Luc. I shall attend you, Sir. Never was so unhappy an interruption. What cou'd my Lord mean? But be it what it will, it ought not, it cannot concern me.—Gratitude and duty demand my compliance with the dying wish of my benefactor, my friend, my father. But am I then to sacrifice all my future peace? But reason not, rash girl! obedience is thy province.

Tho' hard the task, be it my part to prove,
That sometimes duty can give laws to love.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

BUCK at his toilet, attended by three *Velet de chambre*
and MACRUTHEN.

Macruthen.

‘ NOTWITHSTANDING aw his plain-dealing, I
‘ doubt whether Maister Crab is so honest a man.

‘ *Buck.* Pr’ythee, Mac, name not the monster.
‘ If I may be permitted a quotation from one of
‘ their paltry poets,

‘ *Who is knight of the shire represents ’em all.*

‘ Did ever mortal see such *mirrors*, such looking-
‘ glass, as they have here too? One might as well
‘ address one’s self for information to a bucket of
‘ water — *La Jonquil, mettez vous le rouge assez. He*
‘ *bien, Mac, miserable! Hey!*

‘ *Mac.* ’Tis very becoming.

‘ *Buck.* Ay, it will do for this place; I really
‘ cou’d have forgiven my father’s living a year or
‘ two longer, rather than be compelled to return to
‘ this.—(*Enter L. John.*) My dear Lord, *je de-*
‘ *mand mille pardons*; but the terrible fracas in my
‘ chaise had so gatéd and disordered my hair, that
‘ it required an age to adjust it.

‘ *L. John.* No apology, Sir Charles, I have been
‘ entertain’d very agreeably.

D

‘ *Buck.* Who have you had, my dear Lord, to entertain you ?

‘ *L. John.* The very individual lady that’s soon to make you a happy husband.

‘ *Buck.* A happy who ? Husband ?——What two very opposite ideas have you confounded *ensemble* !
‘ —In my conscience, I believe there’s contagion in the clime, and *mi Lor* is infected. But pray, *mi dear Lor*, by what accident have you discovered that I was upon the point of becoming that happy
‘ ——Oh, *un mari ! Diable !*

‘ *L. John.* The lady’s beauty and merit, your inclinations, and your father’s injunctions, made me conjecture that.

‘ *Buck.* And can’t you suppose that the lady’s beauty may be possess’d, her merit rewarded, and my inclinations gratify’d, without an absolute obedience to that fatherly injunction ?

‘ *L. John.* It does not occur to me.

‘ *Buck.* No, I believe not, *mi Lor*. Those kind of talents are not given to every body. *Donnez moi mon manchon.* And now you shall see me manage the lady.

Enter SERVANT.

‘ *Ser.* Young Squire Racket and Sir Toby Tallyhoe, who call themselves your Honour’s old acquaintances.

‘ *Buck.* Oh the brutes ! By what accident cou’d they discover my arrival ? *Mi dear, dear Lor*, aid me to escape this embarrass.

‘ *Racket and Tallyhoe without.*

‘ Hoic a boy, hoic a boy.

‘ *Buck.* Let me die if I do not believe the Hot-
tentots have brought a whole hundred of hounds
‘ with them. But, they say, forms keep fools at a
‘ distance. I’ll receive them *en ceremoni*.

Enter RACKET and TALLYHOE.

‘ *Tally.* Hey boy; hoics, my little Buck.

‘ *Buck.* *Monsieur le Chevalier, votres tres humble*
serviteur.

‘ *Tally.* Hey.

‘ *Buck.* *Monsieur Racket, je suis charmé de vous*
‘ *voir.*

‘ *Rack.* Anon! what?

‘ *Buck.* *Ne m’entendez vous?* Don’t you know
‘ French?

‘ *Rack.* Know French! No, nor you neither, I
‘ think. Sir Toby, ’fore Gad, I believe the Papistes
‘ ha’ bewitch’d him in foreign parts.

‘ *Tally.* Bewitch’d, and transform’d him too. Let
‘ me perish, Racket, if I don’t think he’s like one
‘ of the folks we used to read of at school, in Ovid’s
‘ *Metamorphosis*; that they have turned him into a
‘ beast.

‘ *Rack.* A beast! No; a bird, you fool. Lookee,
‘ Sir Toby, by the Lord Harry, here are his wings.

‘ *Tally.* Hey! ecod, and so they are, ha, ha! I
‘ reckon, Racket, he came over with the wood-
‘ cocks.

‘ *Buck.* *Voilà des véritable Anglois.* The rustic,
‘ rude ruffians !

‘ *Rack.* Let us see what the devil he has got upon
‘ his pole, Sir Toby.

‘ *Tally.* Ay.

‘ *Buck.* Do, dear savage, keep your distance.

‘ *Tally.* Nay, ’fore Georgewe will have a scrutiny.

‘ *Rack.* Ay, ay, a scrutiny.

‘ *Buck.* *En grace la Jonquil,* mi Lor, protect me
‘ from these pirates.

‘ *L. John.* A little compassion, I beg gentlemen.

‘ —Consider Sir Charles is upon a visit to his bride.

‘ *Tally.* Bride ! Zounds, he’s fitter for a band-box

‘ —Racket, hocks the heels.

‘ *Rack.* I have ’em, Knight. ’Fore gad, he is the
‘ very reverse of a Bantam cock—His comb’s on his
‘ feet, and his feathers on his head.—Who have
‘ we got here ? What are these three fellows ? Pas-
‘ try-cooks ?

‘ *Enter CRAB.*

‘ *Crab.* And is this one of your newly-acquired
‘ accomplishments, letting your mistress languish for
‘ a—but you have company, I see.

‘ *Buck.* O yes ; I have been inexpressibly happy.
‘ —These gentlemen are kind enough to treat me
‘ upon my arrival, with what I believe, they call in
‘ this country a rout—My dear Lor, if you don’t
‘ favour my flight—But see if the toads an’t tum-
‘ bling my toilet.

‘ *L. John.* Now’s your time, steal off—I’ll cover
‘ your retreat.

‘ *Buck.* Mac, let La Jonquil follow to resettle my
‘ *cheveux.*—*Je vous remercie mille, mille fois, mon*
‘ *cher, mi Lor.*

‘ *Rack.* Hola, Sir Toby, stole away!

‘ *Buck.* *O mon dieu!*

‘ *Tally.* Poh, rot him; let him alone. He’ll ne-
‘ ver do for our purpose. You must know we in-
‘ tended to kick up a riot to-night at the play-house,
‘ and we wanted him of the party; but that fop
‘ would swoon at the sight of a cudgel.

‘ *L. John.* Pray, Sir, what is your cause of con-
‘ tention?

‘ *Tally.* Cause of contention! Hey, faith, I know
‘ nothing of the matter. Rackett, what is it we are
‘ angry about?

Rack. Angry about!—Why, you know we are to
‘ demolish the dancers.

‘ *Tally.* True, true; I had forgot. Will you
‘ make one?

‘ *L. John.* I beg to be excused.

‘ *Rack.* Mayhap you are a friend to the French.

‘ *L. John.* Not I, indeed, Sir—But if the occasion
‘ will permit me a pun, though I am far from being
‘ a well-wisher to their arms, I have no objection to
‘ the being entertained by their legs.

‘ *Tally.* Ay,—Why then, if you’ll come to-night,
‘ you’ll split your sides with laughing; for I’ll be
‘ rot if we don’t make them caper higher, and run
‘ faster, than ever they have done since the battle
‘ of Blenheim. Come along Rackett. [*Exit.*

L. John. Was there ever such a contrast?

‘ *Crab*. Not so remote as you imagine; they are,
 ‘ cions from the same stock, set in different soils.
 ‘ The first shrub, you see, flowers most prodigally,
 ‘ but matures nothing; the last slip, tho’ stunted,
 ‘ bears a little fruit; crabbed, ’tis true, but still the
 ‘ growth of the clime. Come, you’ll follow your
 ‘ friend.’ [Exit.

Enter LUCINDA, with a SERVANT.*

Luc. When Mr. Crab or Sir Charles inquire for me, you will conduct them hither. (*Exit Ser.*) How I long for an end to this important interview! Not that I have any great expectations from the issue; but still in my circumstances, a state of suspense is of all situations most disagreeable. But hush, they come.

Enter Sir CHARLES, MACRUTHEN Lord JOHN and CRAB.

Buck. Mac, announce me.

Mac. Madam, Sir Charles Buck craves the honour, of kissing your hand.

Buck. *Tres humble serviteur. Et comment sa porte, Mademoiselle?* I am ravish’d to see thee, *ma chere petite Lucinde*—*Eh bien, ma reine!* Why you look divinely, child. But, *mon enfant*, they have dress’d you most diabolically. Why what a *coiffeure* must you have! and, *oh mon Dieu!* a total absence of rouge. But perhaps you are out. I had a cargo from Delf-

ACT II. usually begins here.

reny the day of my departure: Shall I have the honour to supply you?

Luc. You are obliging, Sir: but I confess myself a convert to the chaste customs of this country; and, with a commercial people, you know, Sir Charles, all artifice——

Buck. Artifice! You mistake the point, *ma chère*. A proper proportion of red is an indispensable part of your dress; and in my private opinion, a woman might as well appear in public without powder or a petticoat.

‘ *Crab.* And in my private opinion, a woman who puts on the first wou’d make very little difficulty in pulling off the last.

‘ *Buck.* Oh, Monsieur Crab’s judgment must be decisive in dress. Well, and what amusements, what spectacles, what parties, what contrivances, to conquer father Time, that foe to the fair? I fancy one must *ennuier considerablement* in your London here.

‘ *Luc.* Oh, we are in no distress for diversions. We have an opera.

Buck. *Italien*, I suppose; *pitiable* shocking, *assom-mant*! Oh, there is no supporting their *hi, hi, hi, hi.* Ah mon Dieu! Ah, *chassé brilliant soleil*,

‘ *Brilliant soleil.*

‘ *A-t-on jamais vu ton pareil?*

‘ There’s music and melody.

Luc. What a fop.

‘ *Buck.* But proceed, *ma princesse*,

‘ *Luc.* Oh, then we have plays.

‘ *Buck.* That I deny, child.

‘ *Luc.* No plays!

‘ *Buck.* No.

‘ *Luc.* The assertion is a little whimsical.

‘ *Buck.* Ay, that may be; you have here dramatic
‘ things, farcical in their composition, and ridiculous
‘ in their representation.

‘ *Luc.* Sir, I own myself unequal to the contro-
‘ versy; but surely Shakespeare—My Lord, this
‘ subject calls upon you for its defence.

‘ *Crab.* I know from what fountain this fool has
‘ drawn his remarks; the author of the Chinese Or-
‘ phan, in the preface to which Mr. Voltaire calls
‘ the principal works of Shakespeare monstrous
‘ farces.

‘ *L. John.* Mr. Crab is right, Madam. Mr. Vol-
‘ taire has stigmatized with a very unjust and a very
‘ invidious appellation the principal works of that
‘ great master of the passions; and his apparant
‘ motive renders him the more inexcuseable.

‘ *Luc.* What could it be, my Lord?

‘ *L. John.* The preventing his countrymen from
‘ becoming acquainted with our author, that he
‘ might be at liberty to pilfer from him with the
‘ greater security.

‘ *Luc.* Ungenerous, indeed!

‘ *Buck.* Palpable defamation.

‘ *Luc.* And as to the exhibition, I have been taught
‘ to believe, that for a natural pathetic, and spirited
‘ expression, no people upon earth——

‘ *Buck.* You are impos’d upon, child; the *Lequesne*,

' the *Lanouc*, the *Grandval* the *Dumenil*, the *Gausсен*,
' what dignity, what action! But, à propos, I have
' myself wrote a tragedy in French.

' *Luc*. Indeed!

' *Buck*. *En verité*, upon *Voltaire's* plan.

' *Crab*. That must be a precious piece of work.

' *Buck*. It is now in repetition at the French co-
' medy. *Grandval* and *La Gausсен* perform the
' principal parts. Oh, what an eclat! What a burst
' will it make in the parterre, when the king of
' *Ananamaboe* refuses the person of the princess of
' *Cochineal*!

' *Luc*. Do you remember the passage?

' *Buck*. Entire; and I believe I can convey it in
' their manner.

' *Luc*. That will be delightful.

' *Buck*. And first the king.

' *Ma chere princesse, je vous aime, c'est vrai;*

' *De ma femme vous portez les charmans attrails.*

' *Mais ce n'est pas honéte pour un homme tel que moi,*

' *De tromper ma femme, ou de rompre ma foi.*

' *Luc*. Inimitable!

' *Buck*. Now the princess; she is, as you may sup-
' pose, in extreme distress.

' *Luc*. No doubt.

' *Buck*. *Mon grand roy, mon cher adorable,*

' *Ayez pitié de moi je suis inconsolable.*

' (Then he turns his back upon her; at which she
' in a fury,)

' *Monstre, ingrat, affreux, horrible, funeste,*

' *Oh que je vous aime, ah que je vous deteste!*

‘ (Then he,)

‘ *Pensez vous, Madame, à me donner la loi?*

‘ *Vôtre baine, vôire amour, sont les mêmes choses à moi.*

‘ *Luc. Bravo!*

‘ *L. John. Bravo, bravo!*

‘ *Buck. Ay, there’s passion and poetry, and reason and rhyme. Oh, how I detest blood and blank verse! There is something so soft, so musical, and so natural, in the rich rhimes of the theatre Francois!*

‘ *L. John. I did not know Sir Charles was so totally devoted to the belles lettres.*

‘ *Buck. Oh, entirely. ’Tis the ton, the taste. I am every night at the Caffé * Procope; and had not I had the misfortune to be born in this cursed country, I make no doubt but you would have seen my name among the foremost of the French academy.*

‘ *Crab. I should think you might easily get over that difficulty, if you will be but so obliging as publicly to renounce us. I dare engage not one of your countrymen should contradict or claim you.*

‘ *Buck. No!—Impossible. From the barbarity of my education, I must ever be taken for an Anglois.*

‘ *Crab. Never.*

‘ *Buck. En vérité?*

* A coffee-house opposite the French-comedy, where the wits assemble every evening.

• Crab. *En vérité.*

Buck. You flatter me.

• Crab. But common justice.

• Mac. Nay, Maister Crab is in the right; for I have often heard the French themselves say, Is it possible that gentleman can be British?

• Buck. Obliging creatures! And you all concur with them?

• Crab. Entirely.

• Luc. Entirely.

• L. John. Entirely.

• Buck. How happy you make me!

Crab. Egregious puppy! But we lose time. A truce to this trumpery. You have read your father's will?

Buck. No; I read no English. When Mac has turn'd it into French, I may run over the items.

Crab. I have told you the part that concerns this girl. And as your declaration upon it will discharge me, I leave you to what you will call an *éclaircissement*. Come, my Lord.

Buck. Nay, but Monsieur Crab, *mi Lor*, Mac.

Crab. Along with us. [*Exit Crab and L. John.*]

Buck. A comfortable scrape I am in! What the deuce am I to do? In the language of the place, I am to make love, I suppose. A pretty employment.

Luc. I fancy my hero is a little puzzled with his part. But now for it.

Buck. A queer creature, that Crab, *ma petite*. But, *à propos*, How d'you like my Lord?

Luc. He seems to have good sense and good breeding.

Buck. Pas trop. But don't you think he has something of a foreign kind of air about him?

Luc. Foreign!

Buck. Ay, something so English in his manner?

Luc. Foreign and English! I don't comprehend you.

Buck. Why that is, he has not the ease, the *je ne sçai quoi*, the *bon ton*.—In a word, he does not resemble me now.

Luc. Not in the least.

Buck. Ah, I thought so. He is to be pity'd, poor devil; he can't help it. But, *entre nous, ma chère*, the fellow has a fortune.

Luc. How does that concern me, Sir Charles?

Buck. Why, *je pense, ma reine*, that your eyes have done execution there.

Luc. My eyes execution!

Buck. Ay, child, is there any thing so extraordinary in that? *Ma foi*, I thought by the vivacity of his praise, that he had already summon'd the garrison to surrender.

Luc. To carry on the allusion, I believe my Lord is too good a commander to commence a fruitless siege. He cou'd not but know the condition of the town.

Buck. Condition! Explain, *ma chère*.

Luc. I was in hopes your interview with Mr. Crab had made that unnecessary.

Buck. Oh, ay, I do recollect something of a ridiculous article about marriage in a will. But what a plot against the peace of two poor people! Well, the

malice of some men is amazing! Not contented with doing all the mischief they can in their life, they are for entailing their malevolence, like their estates, to latest posterity.

Luc. Your contempt of me, Sir Charles, I receive as a compliment. But the infinite obligations I owe to the man who had the misfortune to call you son, compel me to insist, that, in my presence at least, no indignity be offered to his memory.

Buck. Heyday! What, in heroics, *ma reine*?

Luc. Ungrateful, unfilial wretch! so soon to trample on his ashes, the greatest load of whose fond heart, in his last hour, were his fears for thy future welfare.

Buck. *Ma foi, elle est folle*, she is mad, *sans doute*.

Luc. But I am to blame. Can he who breaks through one sacred relation regard another? Can the monster who is corrupt enough to condemn the place of his birth, reverence those who gave him being?—Impossible.

Buck. Ah, a pretty monologue, a fine soliloquy this, child.

Luc. Contemptible! But I am cool.

Buck. I am mightily glad of it. Now we shall understand one another, I hope.

Luc. We do understand one another. You have already been kind enough to refuse me. Nothing is wanting but a formal rejection under your hand, and so concludes our acquaintance.

Buck. *Vous allez trop vite*; you are too quick, *ma chere*. If I recollect, the consequence of this rejection.

tion is my paying you twenty thousand pounds.

Luc. True.

Buck. Now that, have not I the least inclination to do.

Luc. No, Sir? Why you own that marriage—

Buck. Is my aversion. I'll give you that under my hand, if you please; but I have a prodigious love for the Louis.

Luc. Oh, we'll soon settle that dispute; the law—

Buck. But, hold, *ma reine*. I don't find that my provident father has precisely determined the time of this comfortable conjunction. So, tho' I am condemned, the day of execution is not fixed.

Luc. Sir!

Buck. I say, my soul, there goes no more to your dying a maid than my living a bachelor.

Luc. O, Sir, I shall find a remedy.

Buck. But now suppose, *ma belle*, I have found one to your hand?

Luc. As how? Name one.

Buck. I'll name two. And first, *mon enfante*, tho' I have an irresistible antipathy to the conjugal knot, yet I am by no means blind to your personal charms; in the possession of which, if you please to place me, not only the aforesaid twenty thousand pounds, but the whole *Terre* of your devoted shall fall at your—

Luc. Grant me patience!

Buck. Indeed you want it, my dear. But if you flounce, I fly.

Luc. Quick, Sir, your other. For this is—

Buck. I grant, not quite so fashionable as my

other. It is then, in a word, that you would let this lubberly lord make you a lady, and appoint me his assistant, his private friend, his *cisisbei*. And as we are to be joint partakers of your person, let us be equal sharers in your fortune, *ma belle*.

Luc. Thou mean, abject, mercenary thing. Thy mistress! Gracious Heaven! Universal empire shou'd not bribe me to be thy bride. And what apology, what excuse, cou'd a woman of the least sense or spirit make for so unnatural a connection!

Buck. *Fort bien!*

Luc. Where are thy attractions? Canst thou be weak enough to suppose thy frippery dress, thy affectation, thy grimace, cou'd influence beyond the borders of a brothel?

Buck. *Très bien.*

Luc. And what are thy improvements? Thy air is a copy from thy barber; for thy dress thou art indebted to thy taylor. Thou hast lost thy native language, and brought home none in exchange for it.

Buck. *Extrêmement bien!*

Luc. Had not thy vanity so soon exposed thy villainy, I might, in reverence to that name to which thou art a disgrace, have taken a wretched chance with thee for life.

Buck. I am obliged to you for that; and a pretty pacific partner I should have had. Why, look'ee, child, you have been, to be sure, very eloquent, and upon the whole not unentertaining: tho' by the bye, you have forgot in your catalogue one of my

foreign acquisitions ; *c'est à dire*, that I can with a most intrepid *sang froid*, without a single emotion, support all this storm of female fury. But, *adieu, ma belle* ; and when a cool hour of reflection has made you sensible of the propriety of my proposals, I shall expect the honour of a card. [Exit Buck.

‘ *Luc.* Be gone for ever.

‘ *Buck.* *Pour jamais !* ’Fore gad, she would make an admirable *actrice*. If I once get her to Paris, she shall play a part in my piece. [Exit.]

Luc. I am asham’d this thing has had the power to move me thus. Who waits there ? Desire Mr. Crab—

Enter LORD JOHN and CRAB.

L. John. We have been unwillingly, Madam, silent witnesses to this shameful scene. I blush that a creature, who wears the outward mark of humanity, shou’d be in his morals so much below—

Crab. Pr’y thee why didst thou not call thy maids, and toss the booby in a blanket ?

L. John. If I might be permitted, Madam, to conclude what I intended saying, when interrupted by Mr. Crab—

Luc. My Lord, don’t think me guilty of affectation, I believe I guess at your generous design : but my temper is really so ruffled ; besides, I am meditating a piece of female revenge on this coxcomb.

L. John. Dear Madam, can I assist ?

Luc. Only by desiring my maid to bring hither

the tea.—My Lord, I am confounded at the liberty, but—

L. John. No apology—You honour me, Madam.
[Exit.]

Crab. And pr'ythee, wench, what is thy scheme?

Luc. Oh, a very harmless one, I promise you.

Crab. Zounds, I am sorry for it. I long to see the puppy severely punished, methinks.

Luc. Sir Charles, I fancy, can't be yet got out of the house. Will you desire him to step hither?

Crab. I'll bring him.

Luc. No, I wish to have him alone.

Crab. Why then I'll send him. [Exit.]

Enter LETTICE.

Luc. Place these things on the table, a chair on each side—very well. Do you keep within call. But hark, he is here. Leave me, Lettice.

[Exit Lettice.]

Enter BUCK.

Buck. So, so, I thought she wou'd come too; but, I confess, not altogether so soon. *Eh bien, ma belle,* see me ready to receive your commands.

Luc. Pray be seated, Sir Charles. I am afraid the natural warmth of my temper might have hurried me into some expressions not altogether so suitable.

Buck. Ah, *bagatelle.* Name it not.

Luc. Will you drink tea, Sir?

Buck. Volontiers. This tea is a pretty innocent

kind of *beverage*; I wonder the French don't take it. I have some thoughts of giving it a fashion next winter.

Luc. That will be very obliging. It is of extreme service to the ladies this side the water, you know.

Buck. True, it promotes parties, and infuses a kind of spirit into conversation, 'that——

' *Luc.* *En voulez-vous encore ?*

' *Buck.* *Je vous rends mille graces.*'——But what has occasioned me, *ma reine*, the honour of your message by Mr. Crab?

Luc. The favours I have received from your family, Sir Charles, I thought demanded from me, at my quitting your house, a more decent and ceremonious adieu than our last interview would admit of.

Buck. Is that all, *ma chere*? I thought your flinty heart had at last relented. Well, *ma reine*, adieu.

Luc. Can you then leave me?

Buck. The fates will have it so.

Luc. Go then, perfidious traitor, be gone; I have this consolation, however, that if I cannot legally possess you, no other woman shall.

Buck. Hey, how, what!

Luc. And though the pleasure of living with you is deny'd me, in our deaths, at least, we shall soon be united.

Buck. Soon be united in death! When, child?

Luc. Within this hour.

Buck. Which way?

Luc. The fatal draught's already at my heart. I feel it here ; it runs thro' every pore. Pangs, pangs, unutterable ! The tea we drank, urg'd by despair and love—Oh !

Buck. Well.

Luc. I poison'd——

Buck. The devil !

Luc. And as my generous heart wou'd have shar'd all with you, I gave you half.

Buck. Oh, curse your generosity !

Luc. Indulge me in the cold comfort of a last embrace.

Buck. Embrace ! O confound you ! But it may'nt be too late. Macruthen, Jonquil, physicians, apothecaries, oil, and antidotes. Oh ! *Je meurs ! je meurs ! Ah, la diablesse !* [Exit Buck.

Enter LORD JOHN and CRAB.

Crab. A brave wench. I cou'd kiss thee for this contrivance.

L. John. He really deserves it all.

Crab. Deserves it ! Hang him. But the sensible resentment of this girl has almost reconciled me to the world again. But stay, let us see——Can't we make a farther use of the puppy's punishment ? I suppose we may very safely depend on your contempt of him ?

Luc. Most securely.

Crab. And this young thing here has been breathing passions and protestations. But I'll take care my

girl shan't go a beggar to any man's bed. We must have this twenty thousand pound, Lucy.

L. John. I regard it not. Let me be happy, and let him be——

Crab. Psha, don't scorch me with thy flames. Reserve your raptures ; or, if they must have vent, retire into that room whilst I go plague the puppy.

[*Exit Crab one way, Lucy and L. John another.*]

SCENE *changes and discovers* BUCK, MACRUTHEN, JONQUIL, BEARNOIS, LA LOIRE, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON. BUCK *in a cap and night-gown.*

Surg. This copious phlebotomy will abate the inflammation ; and if the six blisters on your head and back rise, why there may be hopes.

Buck. Cold comfort. I burn, I burn, I burn— Ah, there's a shoot. And now again, I freeze.

Mac. Ay, They are aw symptoms of a strong poison.

Buck. Oh, I am on the rack.

Mac. Oh, if it be got to the vitals, a fig for aw antidotes.

Enter CRAB.

Crab. Where is this miserable devil ? What, is he alive still ?

Mac. In gude troth, and that's aw.

Buck. Oh !

Crab. So, you have made a pretty piece of work on't, young man !

Buck. O what cou'd provoke me to return from Paris.

Crab. Had you never been there, this cou'd not have happened.

‘ *Enter RACKET and TALLYHOE.*

‘ *Rack.* Where is he?—He’s a dead man, his eyes are fix’d already.

‘ *Buck.* Oh!

‘ *Tally.* Who poison’d him, Racket?

‘ *Rack.* Gad I don’t know.—His French cook, I reckon.

Crab. Were there a possibility of thy reformation, I have yet a secret to restore thee.

Buck. Oh give it, give it!

Crab. Not so fast. It must be on good conditions.

Buck. Name ’em. Take my estate, my—save but my life, take all.

Crab. First, then, renounce thy right to that lady, whose just resentment has drawn this punishment upon thee, and in which she is an unhappy partaker.

Buck. I renounce her from my soul.

Crab. To this declaration you are witnesses. Next, your tawdry trappings, your foreign foppery, your washes, paints, pomades, must blaze before your door.

Buck. What, all?

Crab. All; not a rag shall be reserv’d. The execution of this part of your sentence shall be assign’d to your old friends here.

Buck. Well, take ’em.

‘ *Tally.* Huzzah? Come, Racket, let’s rummage

Crab. And, lastly, I'll have these exotic attendants, these instruments of your luxury, these pandars to your pride, pack'd in the first cart, and sent post to the place from whence they came.

Buck. Spare me but La Jonquil.

Crab. Not an instant. The importation of these puppies makes a part of the politics of your old friends the French; unable to resist you whilst you retain your ancient roughness, they have recourse to these minions, who would first by unmanly means sap and soften all your native spirit, and then deliver you an easy prey to their employers.

Buck. Since then it must be so, adieu La Jonquil.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Crab. And now to the remedy. Come forth, Lucinda.

Enter LUCINDA and LORD JOHN.

Buck. Hey, why did not she swallow the poison?

Crab. No; nor you neither, you blockhead.

Buck. Why, did not I leave you in pangs?

Luc. Ay, put on. The tea was innocent, upon my honour, Sir Charles. But you allow me to be an excellent actress.

Enter RACKET and TALLYHOE.

Buck. Oh, curse your talents!

Crab. This fellow's 'public' renunciation has put your person and fortune in your own power; and if you were sincere in your declaration of being directed by me, bestow it there.

Luc. As a proof of my sincerity, my Lord, receive it.

L. John. With more transport than Sir Charles the news of his safety.

Luc. to Buck. You are not at present in a condition to take possession of your post.

Buck. What?

Luc. Oh, you recollect; my Lord's private friend; his assistant, you know.

Buck. Oh, oh!

Mac. But, Sir Charles, as I find the affair of the poison was but a joke, had na' ye better withdraw and tak off your blisters?

Crab. No, let 'em stick. He wants 'em. And now concludes my care. But before we close the scene, receive, young man, this last advice from the old friend of your father: As it is your happiness to be born a Briton, let it be your boast; know that the blessings of liberty are your birth-right, which while you preserve, other nations may envy or fear, but can never conquer or condemn you. Believe, that French fashions are as ill suited to the genius, as their politics are pernicious to the peace of your native land.

A convert to these sacred truths, you'll find
That poison for your punishment design'd
Will prove a wholesome medicine to your mind.

EPILOGUE.

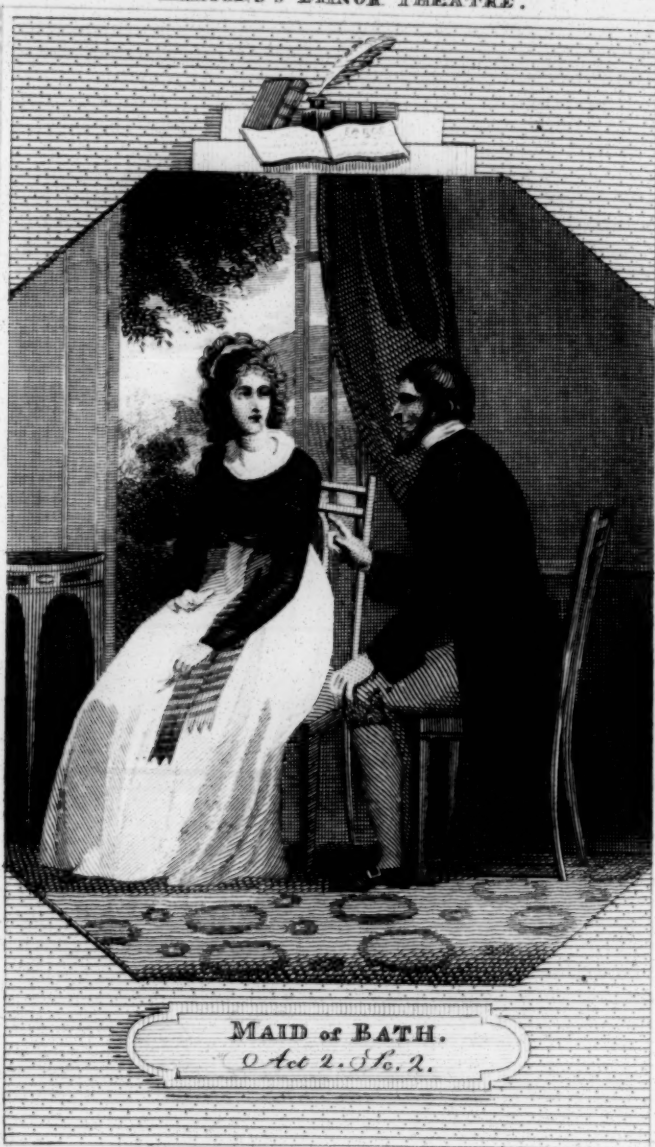
SPOKEN BY MRS. BELLAMY.

AMONG the arts to make a piece go down,
 And fix the fickle favour of the town,
 An Epilogue is deem'd the surest way
 To atone for all the errors of the play.
 Thus, when pathetic strains have made you cry,
 In trips the comic muse, and wipes your eye.
 With equal reason, when she has made you laugh,
 Melpomene should send sniveling off;
 But here our bard, unequal to the task,
 Rejects the dagger, and retains the masque:
 Fain would he send you cheerful home to-night,
 And harmless mirth by honest means excite;
 Scorning, with luscious phrase or double sense,
 To raise a laughter at the fair's expence.
 What method shall we choose your taste to hit;
 Will no one lend our bard a little wit?
 Thank ye, kind souls, I'll take it from the pit. }
 The piece concluded, and the curtain down,
 Up starts that fatal phalanx call'd The Town;
 In full assembly weighs our author's fate;
 And surly thus commences the debate:

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PARSONS'S MINOR THEATRE.



Printed for J. Parsons at Bathurst Row Sept. 26. 79.

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The Lib

FOR

THE MAID OF BATH.

A COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS.

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL HAY-MARKET.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London :

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,
FOR J. PARSONS, NO 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1794.

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THE MAID OF BATH.

THIS lively comedy, although many years have elapsed since it amused the town on the stage, will, so long as genuine satire is admired, find a welcome in the study.

In 1771 it was first performed at the Little Theatre in the Hay-market.

The author, ever on the watch for living subjects to employ his pen upon; lays his scene in Bath, and builds his fable on a circumstance, which reflected merited contempt on the character he portrays, under its name theatrical, **FLINT**.

As the scythe of time has swept away the party from a world which still contains too many near resemblances; it will answer no candid end to revive the real name, sufficiently exposed in its day; and pursue the cry of ridicule when its object is no more.

May the living profit by the picture; contemplate its deformity; and if, in a collected moment, a likeness is apprehended, that may tinge the cheek of the man, and draw him from the monster; satire has attained its end, and society remains its debtor.

Dramatis Personae.

HAY-MARKET.

Men.

Sir Christopher Cripple,	-	MR. MOODY
Mr. Flint,	-	MR. FOOTE
Major Racket,	-	MR. AICKIN
Billy Button,	-	MR. WESTON
Peter Poullice.	-	MR. FEARON
Fillup,	-	MR. DAVIS
Mynheer Sour Crout,	-	MR. CASTLE
Mons. de Jarsey,	-	MR. LOYD
John,	-	MR. JACOBS.

Women.

Lady Catherine Coldstream,	-	MRS. FEARON
Mrs. Linnet,	-	MISS PLATT
Miss Linnet,	-	MRS. JEWEL
Maid	-	MRS. WESTON.

Waiters, &c.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

WHO but has read, if you have read at all,
Of one, they *Jack the Giant-killer* call?
He was a bold, stout, able-bodied man,
To clear the World of *fee, faw, fum*, his plan,
Whene'er a *monster* had within his power
A young and tender *virgin* to devour,
To cool his blood, *Jack*, like a skilful surgeon,
Bled well the *monster*, and releas'd the *virgin*:
Like the best doctors, did a method learn,
Of curing fevers never to return.
Mayn't I this *Giant-killing* trade renew?
I have my *virgin*, and my monster too.
Tho' I can't boast, like *Jack*, a list of slain,
I wield a lancet and can breathe a vein:
To his Herculean arm my nerves are weak,
He cleft his foes, I only make mine squeak:
As Indians wound their slaves to please the court,
I'll tickle mine, *great Sirs*, to make you sport.
To prove myself an humble imitator,
Giants are *vices*, and *Jack* stands for satire:
By tropes and figures, as it fancy suits,
Passions rise monsters, men sink down to brutes;
All talk and write in allegoric diction,
Court, city, town, and country run to fiction!
Each daily paper allegory teaches—
Placemen are *locusts*, and *contractors* *leeches*:

Nay, even *Change-Alley*, where no bard repairs
 Deals much in fiction to pass off their wares;
 From whence the roaring there?—from *bulls* and
bears! }

The gaming fools are *doves*, the *knaves* are *rooks*,
Change-Alley bankrupts waddle out *lame ducks*!
 But ladies, blame not you your gaming spouses,
 For you, as well as they, have *pigeon-houses*;
 To change the figure, formerly I've been,
 To straggling follies only *whipper-in*;
 By royal bounty rais'd, I mount the back
 Of my own hunter, and I keep the *pack*:
 Tollyo!—a rank old *fox* we now pursue,
 So strong the scent, you'll run him full in view:
 If we can't kill such *brutes* in human shape,
 Let's frighten 'em, that your *chickens* may escape;
 Rouse 'em, when o'er their tender prey they're
 grumbling,
 And rub their gums at least to mar their mumbling.





THE MAID OF BATH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Bear Inn, at Bath.*

Enter FILLUP.

WHY John, Roger, Raphy, Harry Buckle; what a dickens are become of the lads? Can't you hear?—Zure, zure, these whelps are enow to make a man maz'd!

Enter several WAITERS.

All. Coming, Sir.

Fill. Coming! ay, zo be Christmass, I think—where be'st thee gwain, boy? What, I reckon thou ca'st not zee for thy eyes—here, take the candle, and light the gentlefolk in.

Enter JOHN.

John. Carry a couple of candles into the Daphne.

[*Exit Waiter.*]

Fill. John, who is it be a come?

John. Major Racket, in a chay and four, from the Devizzes.

Fill. What, the young yōuth, that last zeason carry'd away we'un Mrs. Muzlinzes prentice?—

John. Miss Patty Prim from the grove —

Fill. Ay, zure—thee dost know her well enow.

John. The same.

Fill. Zure, zure! then we shall have old doing and by; he's a deadly wild spark thee dost know—

John. But as good a customer as comes to the Bear.

Fill. That's Zure enough: then why dost not run and light 'em in? Stay, gy I the candle, I woole go and light 'em in myzelf.

RACKET (*without.*)

Rack. Give the post boys half a guinea between them.

John. Ay, there is some life in this chap! these are your guests that give spirit to Bath: your parylitical people that come down to be parboiled and pumped, do no good, that I know, to the town, unless indeed to the physical tribe: how I hate to see an old fellow hobble into the house, with his feet wrapt in flannel, pushing forth his fingers like a cross in the hands to point out the different roads on a common—hush!

Enter RACKET and FILLUP.

Fill. I hope, mester, you do zee your way; there

be two steps you do know ; well, zure, I be heartly glad to zee your honour at Bath.

Rack. I thank you, my honest friend Fillup ; what have you many people in town ?

Fill. There ben't a power, please your honour, at present ; some zick folk that do no zort of zarvis, and a few layers that be come off a zircuit, that's all.

Rack. Birds of passage, ha, Fillup ?

John. True, Sir ; for at the beginning of term, when the woodcocks come in, the others fly off.

Rack. Are you there, honest Jack ?

John. And happy to see your honour in town.

Rack. Well, master Fillup and how go you on ?
—Any clubs fixed as yet ?

Fill. No, Zir, not to zay fix'd ; there be Parson Pulruddock from the Land's End ; Master Evan Thomas, a Welch attorney, two Bristol men, and a few port drinking people that dine every day in the Lion ; the claret club ben't expected down till the end of next week.—

Rack. Any body in the house that I know ?

Fill. Yes, Zure—behind the bar, there be Sir Christopher Cripple, fresh out of a fit of the gout, drinking a drop of punch along wy mester Peter Poultrice, the potter carrier on the Parade.

Rack. The gazettes of Bath, the very men I want ; give my compliments to the gentlemen, and tell them I should be glad of their company—but perhaps it may be troublesome for Sir Christopher ?

Fill. No, no, not at all ; at present, he is a little

tender for zure, but I warrant un he'll make a shift to hobble into the room. [Exit Fillup.

Rack. Well, Jack, and how fares it with you? you have throve I hope since I saw you?

John. Throve! no, no, Sir; your honour knows that during the summer, taverns and turnspits have but little to do at Bath.

Rack. True; but what is become of your colleague, honest Ned, I hope he has not quitted his place?

John. The share he had in your honour's intrigue with Miss Prim, soon made this city too hot for poor Ned.

Rack. Then why did not the fool go to London with me? The fellow has humour, spirit, and sings a good song. I intended to have recommended him to one of the theatres.

John. Why, Sir, Ned himself had a bias that way; but his uncle, Alderman Surcing!e the sadler, a piece of a puritan, would not give his consent.

Rack. Why not?

John. He was afraid that kind of life might corrupt or endanger Ned's morals; so he has set him up in a Bagnio at the end of Long-Acre.

Rack. Nay, if the fellow falls after such a security—

Enter Sir CHRISTOPHER CRIPPLE, FILLUP, and PETER POULTICE.

Sir Chr. (without.) At what a rate the rascal is running; Zounds! I believe the fellow thinks I can

foot it as fast as Eclipse; slower and be—Where is this rakehelly, rantipole?—Jack, set me a chair. So, Sir; you must possess a good share of assurance to return to this town after the tricks you have played—Fillup, fetch in the punch—Well, you ungracious young dog, and what is become of the wench? Poor Patty! and here too my reputation is ruined as well as the girl's.

Rack. Your reputation! that's a good jest.

Sir Chr. Yes, sirrah, it is: and all owing to my acquaintance with you; I, forsooth, am called your adviser! as if your contriving head and profligate heart stood in need of any assistance from me.

Rack. Well, but my dear Sir Kit, how can this idle stuff affect you?

Sir Chr. How! easy enough; I will be judged now by Poultee—Peter, speak the truth; before this here blot in my escutcheon, have you not observed when I went to either a ball or breakfasting, how eager all the girls gathered round me, gibing, and joking, and giggling; gad take me, as facetious and free as if I were their father.

Poul. Nothing but truth.

Fill. That's truth, to my zertain knowledge, for I have zeen the women folk tittering 'till they were ready to break their zides when your honour was throwing your double tenders about.

Sir Chr. True, honest Fillup—before your curst affair, neither maid, widow, or wife was ashamed of conversing with me; but now, when I am wheeled into the room, not a soul under seventy

will venture within ten yards of my chair; I am shunned worse than a leper in the days of King Lud; an absolute hermit in the midst of a croud; speak, Fillup, is not this a melancholy truth?

Fill. Very molycolly zure.—

Sir Chr. But this is not all; the crop-eared curs of the city have taken into their empty heads to neglect me; formerly, Mr. Mayor could not devour a custard, but I received a civil card to partake; but now, the rude rascals, in their bushy bobs, brush by me without deigning to bow; in short, I do not believe I have had a corporation crust in my mouth for these six months: you might as well expect a minister of state at the Mansion House, as see me at one of their feasts.

Fill. His honour tells nothing but truth.

Sir Chr. So that I am almost famished as well as forsaken.

Fill. Quite famish'd, as a body may zay, mester.

Sir Chr. Oh! Tom, Tom, you have been a cursed acquaintance to me; what a number of fine turtle and fat haunches of venison has your wickedness lost me.

Rack. My dear Sir Kit, for this I merit your thanks; how often has Dr. Carawitchet told you, that your rich food and champagne, would produce nothing, but poor health and real pain?

Sir Chr. What signifies the prattle of such a punning puppy as he? What, I suppose you would starve me, you scoundrel? When I am got out of one fit, how the devil am I to gather strength to

encounter the next? Do you think it is to be done by sipping and slopping? (*drinks*) But no matter; look you, Major Racket, all between us is now at an end; and, Sir, I should consider it as a particular favour if you would take no further notice of me; I sincerely desire to drop your acquaintance, and as for myself, I am fixed, positively fixed, to reform.

Rack. Reform! ha, ha.

Sir Chr. Reform; and why not? You shall see, the whole city shall see; as soon as ever I get to my lodgings, I will send for Luke Lattitat and Codicil, and make a handsome bequest to the hospital.

Rack. Stuff—

Sir Chr. Then I am resolved to be carried every day to the twelve o'clock prayers, at the Abbey, and regularly twice of a Sunday.

Rack. Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Chr. Ha, ha, ha; you may laugh, but I'll be damn'd if I don't; and if all this don't recover my credit, I am determined, besides, to hire a house in Harlequin-Row, and be a constant hearer at the Countess's chapel—

Rack. And so, perhaps, turn out a field-preacher in time.

Sir Chr. I don't know but I may.

Rack. Well then, my dear Sir Christopher, adieu; but if we must part, let us part as friends should, not with dry lips, and in anger; Fillup, take care of the knight. (*Fillup fills the glasses:*) Well, faith, my old croney, I can't say but I am heartily sorry

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to lose you; many a brave batch have we broach'd in our time.

Sir Chr. True, Tom, true.

Rack. Don't you remember the bout we had at the Tuns, in the days of Plump Jack? I shall never forget, after you had felled old Falstaff with a pint bumper of burgundy, how you bestrode the prostrate hero, and in his own manner cried, Crown me ye spirits that delight in gen'rous wine.

Sir Chr. Vanity, mere vanity, Tom, nothing but vanity.

Rack. And then another day at the—but replenish, Fillup, the bowl is not empty.

Sir Chr. Enough, enough.

Rack. What, don't flinch man—it is but to finish the—come, Sir Christopher, one tender squeeze.

Sir Chr. Take care of my hand; none of your old tricks, you young dog.

Rack. Gentle as the lick of a lap-dog; there—What a clock is it Fillup?

Fill. I'll tell you, mester, (*looks on his watch.*) just turn'd a zix—

Rack. So soon; hang it Sir Kit, it is too early to part; come, what say you to one supper more? but one to the sacred feelings of friendship—honest Fillup knows your taste, he will toss you up a—

Sir Chr. Not a morsel, Tom, if you would give me the universe.

Rack. Poh man! only a Sandwich or so—Fillup, what hast got in the house?

Fill. A famous John Dorey, two pair of soles, and there be a joint of Lansdown mutton; and then, you do know, my Molly be famous in making marrow puddings.

Rack. A fine bill of fare—Come, Knight, what do you choose?

Sir Chr. Me! why you seem to have forgot what I told you just now—

Rack. Your design to reform—not at all; and I think you quite right; perfectly so, as I hope to be saved; but what needs all this hurry? to morrow is a new day, it will then be early enough—Fillup, send us in just what you will.

Sir Chr. You are a coaxing, cajoling young dog—Well if it must be so, Fillup, it must; Fillup get me an anchovy toast, and do you hear, and a red herring or two, for my stomach is damnably weak.

Fill. I shall, to be zure. [Exit.]

Rack. So that's settled—now, Poullice, come forward; well my blades, and what news have you stirring amongst you?

Poul. Except a little run of sore throats about the beginning of Autumn, and a few feeble fellows that dropt off with the leaves in October, the town is in tolerable.—

Rack. Pox of the dead and the dying; but what amusements have you got for the living?

Poul. There is the new play-house, you know—

Rack. True; but as to the musical world, what hopes have we there? any of the opera people among you? appropos—what is become of my little flame,

La Petite Rosignole the lively little Linnet? is she still—

Sir Chr. Lost, totally lost—

Rack. Lost! what, left you? I am sorry for that—

Sir Chr. Worse, worse.

Rack. I hope she an't dead.

Sir Chr. Ten thousand times worse than all that.

Rack. How the deuse can that be?

Sir Chr. Just going to be buried alive—to be married.

Rack. Poh! is that all! That ceremony was, indeed, formerly looked upon as a kind of metaphysical grave, but the system is changed, and marriage is now considered as an entrance to a new and better kind of life.

Sir Chr. Indeed!

Rack. Pshaw! who talks now of the drudgery of domestic duties, of nuptial chains, and of bonds—mere obsolete words; they did well enough in the dull days of Queen Bess; but a modern lass puts on fetters to enjoy the more freedom and pledges her faith to one, that she may be at liberty to bestow her favours on all.

Sir Chr. What vast improvements are daily made in our morals! what an unfortunate dog am I to come into the world at least half a century too soon! what would I give to be born twenty years hence! there will be damn'd fine doings then, hey Tom? But I'm afraid our poor little girl won't have it in her power to profit by these prodigious improvements.

Rack. Why not?

Sir Chr. Oh, when once you hear the name of her partner—

Rack. Who is it?

Sir Chr. An acquaintance of yours—only that old fusty, shabby, shuffling, money-loving, water-drinking, mirth-marring, amorous old hunks Master Solomon Flint.

Rack. He that enjoys—I mean owns, half the farms in the country.

Sir Chr. He, even he.

Rack. Why, he is sixty at least; what a filthy old goat! but then, how does this design suit with his avarice? the girl has no fortune.

Sir Chr. No more than what her talents will give her.

Rack. Why, the poltroon does not mean to profit by them?

Sir Chr. Perhaps if his family should chance to increase—but I believe his main motive is the hopes of an heir.

Rack. For which he must be indebted to some of his neighbours; in that point of light, indeed, the matter is not so much amiss; it is impossible she can be fond of the fellow, and it is very hard, with the opportunities that this place will afford, if in less than a month, I don't—

Sir Chr. This place; why you don't think he'll trust her here for an hour?

Rack. How!

Sir Chr. Not a moment; the scheme is all settled; the rumbling old family-coach carries her immediately from the church door to his moated, haunted old house in the country.

Rack. Indeed!

Sir Chr. Where, besides the Argus himself, she will be watched by no less than two brace of his sisters, four as malicious, musty old maids as ever were soured by solitude, and the neglect of the world.

Rack. A guard not to be corrupted or cozened. Why, Sir Christopher, in a christian country, this must not be suffered—What? a miserable tattered old fellow like him to monopolize such a tempting creature as her!

Sir Chr. A diabolical plan.

Rack. Besides, the secluding, and immureing a girl possessed of her elegant talents, is little better than robbing the world.

Sir Chr. Infamous! worse than a rape; but where are the means to prevent it?

Rack. Much might be done if you would lend us your aid.

Sir Chr. Me! of what use can I—and so, you rascal, you want to employ me again as your pimp?

Rack. You take the thing wrong; I only wish you to stand forth, my dear Knight, and like myself, be the protector of innocence, and a true friend to the public.

Sir Chr. A true friend to the public! a fine stalking horse that; but I fear like other pretenders,

Tom, when your own private purpose is served, the poor public will be left in the lurch: but, however the poor girl does deserve to be saved, and if I could do any thing not inconsistent with my plan of reforming—

Rack. That was spoke like yourself—upon what terms are you and Flint at present.

Sir Chr. Oil and vinegar are not so opposite.

Rack. Poultice, you smoke a pipe with him sometimes; pray who are your party?

Poul. Mynheer Sour Crout, Monsieur de Jarsey the port manufacturer, Billy Button the taylor, Master Flint and I, most evenings take a whiff here.

Rack. Are you all in his confidence on this great occasion?

Poul. Upon this case we have had consultations, but Billy Button is first in his favour, he likes his prescription the best.

Rack. From this quarter we must begin the attack! could we not contrive to convene this illustrious senate to-night?

Poul. I should think easily enough.

Rack. But before you meet here.

Poul. Without doubt.

Rack. My dear Poultice, will you undertake the commission?

Poul. I will feel their pulses, to oblige Sir Christopher Cripple.

Sir Chr. But, Peter, dost really think this rash fool is determined?

Poul. I believe, Sir Christopher, he is firmly

persuaded, that nothing will allay this uncommon heat in his blood, but swallowing the pill matrimonial.

Rack. We must contrive at least to take off the gilding, and see what effect that will have on his courage. [Exit Poultrice.]

Sir Chr. Well Major unfold; what can you mean by this meeting?

Rack. Is it possible you can be at a loss, you who have so long studied mankind?

Sir Chr. Explain.

Rack. Can't you conceive what infinite struggles must have been felt by this fellow before he could muster up courage to engage in this dreadful perilous state?—How often have you heard the proverbial puppy affirm, that marriage was fishing for a single eel among a barrel of snakes? What infinite odds, that you laid hold of the eel, and then a million to one but he slipped through your fingers?

Sir Chr. True, true.

Rack. Can't you, then, guess what will be his feelings and fears when it comes to the push? Do you think the public opinion, his various doubts of himself, and of her, the pride of his family, and the loud claims of avarice, his ruling passion 'till now, won't prove near an equipoise to his love?

Sir Chr. Without doubt.

Rack. At the critical period, won't the concurring advice of all his associates, think you, destroy the balance at once?

Sir Chr. Very probably, Tom, I confess.

Rack. As to our engines, there is no fear of them: Billy Button you have under your thumb; I'll purchase a pipe of port of De Jarsey, and we are sure of old Sour Crout for a hamper of hock.

Sir Chr. Right, right; but after all, what is to become of the girl? Come, Tom, I'll have no foul play shown to her.

Rack. Her real happiness is part of my project.

Enter FILLUP

Fill. Here be Mynheer Sour Crout and Mounseer De Jarsey a come.

Sir Chr. We will attend them—only think, Tom, what a villain you will be to make me the secret instrument of any more mischief.

Rack. Never fear.

Sir Chr. Particularly too, now I am fixed to reform.

Rack. It would be criminal in the highest degree.

Sir Chr. Ay, rot your hypocritical face—I am half afraid Tom to trust you; I'll be hanged if you ha'n't some wicked design yourself on the girl; but however, I wash my hands of the guilt.

Rack. My dear Knight, don't be so squemish; but—the gentlemen within—stay—who have we here—Ah, my old friend Master Button—

Enter BUTTON.

Butt. Your worship is welcome to town—but where is Sir—Oh—I understood as how your honour had sent for me all in a hurry—I should have

brought the patterns before if I had them—the worst of my enemies can't say but Billy Button is punctual—here they be—I received them to-night by Wiltshire's waggon, that flies in eight days.

Sir Chr. To-morrow, Billy will do; take a seat.

Butt. I had rather stand—

Sir Chr. I wanted to talk to you upon another affair—what, I suppose, you are very busy at present?

Butt. Vast busy, your honour?

Sir Chr. This marriage I reckon, takes up most of your time.

Butt. Your honour!

Rack. Miss Linnet, and your old master Flint, you know.

Butt. O! Ay! but the squire does not intend to cut a dash till the spring.

Sir Chr. No!—nothing happen'd—I hope affairs are all fixed?

Butt. As a rock—I am sure now, it can't fail; because why I have peremptory orders to scour and new line the coachman and footman's old frocks; and am, besides to turn the lace, and fresh button the suit his honour made up twenty years ago comes next Lent, when he was sheriff for the county.

Rack. Nay, then it is determined—

Butt. Or he would never have gone to such an expence.

Sir Chr. Well, Billy! and what is your private opinion, after all, of this match?

Butt. It is not becoming, your honour knows, for a tradesman like me to give his—

Rack. Why not? don't you think now, Billy, it is a bold undertaking for a man at his time of life?

Butt. Why to be sure his honour is a little stricken in years, as a body may say; and take all the care that one can, time will wear the nap from even superfine cloth: stitches tear, and elbows will out as they say—

Sir Chr. And besides, Bill, the bride's a mere baby—

Butt. Little better, your Honour; but she is a light bit of stuff, and I am confident will turn out well in the wearing—I once had some thoughts myself of taking measure of Miss.

Rack. Indeed!

Butt. Yes; and, to my thinking, had made a pretty good progress; because, why, at church of a Sunday she suffered me to look for the lessons, and moreover, many time and oft we have sung psalms out of the very same book.

Rack. That was going a great way.

Butt. Nay, besides and more than all that, she has at this precious minute of time a pincushion by her side of my own presentation.

Rack. Ay; and how came the treaty broke off?

Butt. Why, who should step in in the nick, but the very squire himself?

Sir Chr. I am afraid, Bill, your beauty is a little bit of the jilt.

Butt. No, your worship, it is all along with her mother; cause her great aunt, by her father's side was a clergyman's daughter, she is as pragmatic and proud as the Pope; so, forsooth, nothing will please

her for Miss, but a bit of quality binding.

Rack. I knew the refusal could not come from the girl; for, without a compliment, Billy, there is no comparison between you and she—why you are a pretty, slight, tight, light, nimble—

Butt. Yes—very nimble and slight, and we are both of a height, ha, ha, ha!

Sir Chr. Why love has made Billey a poet.

Butt. No, no, quite an accident, as I hope to be kissed.

Rack. And your rival is a fusty, foggy, lumbering log.

Butt. For all the world like my goose: plaguy hot and damned heavy, your honour.

Sir Chr. Why Billy blazes to-day.

Butt. And though my purse, mayhap, ben't so heavy as his'n, yet I contrive to pay every body their own.

Rack. I dare say.

Butt. Ay, and have besides two houses in Avon Street; and perhaps, a bit or two of land in a corner.

Sir Chr. O! the curmudgeonly rogue!

Butt. And moreover, if Madam Linnet talks of families, I would have her to know that I have powerful relations as well as herself—there's Tommy Button my uncle's own son, that has an employment under the government—

Sir Chr. Ay Billy, what is it?

Butt. At this very time he is an exciseman at Wapping; and besides there is my cousin Paul Puff,

that kept the great pastry-cook's shop in the Strand, now lives at Brentford, and is made a justice of the peace.

Rack. As this is the case, I don't think it will be difficult yet to bring matters to bear.

Sir. Chr. If Billy will but follow directions.

Butt. I hope your honour never found me deficient.

Sir Chr. We will instruct you farther within. Major Racket, your hand.

Butt. Let me help you ; folks may go farther and fare worse, as they say—why, I have some thoughts, if I can call in my debts to retire into the country and set up for a gentleman.

Rack. Why not ? one meets with a great number of them who were never bred to the business.

Butt. I an't much of a mechanic at present ; I does but just measure and cut.

Rack. No !

Butt. I don't think that I have sat cross-leg'd for these six years.

Rack. Indeed !

Butt. And who can tell, your honour, in a few years, if I behaves well, but like cousin Puff, I may get myself put in the commission.

Sir Chr. The worshipful William Button, Esquire—it sounds well, I can tell you, Billy ; there have been magistrates made of full as bad materials as you.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. LINNET and Miss.

Mrs. Linnet.

YES, Kitty, it is in vain to deny it. I am convinced there is some little, low, paultry passion that lurks in your heart.

Miss Lin. Indeed my dear Mother, you wrong me.

Mrs. Lin. Indeed, my dear Miss, but I don't; what else could induce you to reject the addresses of a lover like this? Ten thousand pounds a year! Gads my life, there is not a lady in town would refuse him, let her rank be ever so—

Miss Lin. Not his fortune I firmly believe.

Mrs. Lin. Well; and who now-a-days marries any thing else? Would you refuse an estate, because it happen'd to be a little encumber'd? You must consider the man in this case as a kind of mortgage.

Miss Lin. But the disproportion of years—

Mrs. Lin. In your favour, Child; the incumbrance will be the sooner remov'd—

Miss Lin. Then, my dear mother, our minds; how very widely they differ; my nature is liberal and frank, though I am but a little removed from mediocrity; his

heart, in the very bosom of wealth, is shut to every social sensation—

Mrs. Lin. And yet, Miss, this heart you have had the good luck to unlock. I hope you don't urge his offers to you as a proof of his passion for money? why you forget yourself, Kate; who, in the name of wonder, do you think you are? what, because you have a baby face, and can bawl a few ballads—

Miss Lin. Nay, Madam, you know I was never vain of my talents; if they can procure me a decent support, and in some measure repay my father and you for their kind cultivation—

Mrs. Lin. And how long are you sure your talents, as you call 'em, will serve you. — Are a set of features secure against time? wont a single sore throat destroy the boasted power of your pipe? But suppose that should not fail, who can insure you against the whim of the public? will they always continue their favour?

Miss Lin. Perhaps not.

Mrs. Lin. What must become of you then? now by this means you are safe, above the reach of ill-fortune; besides, child, to put your own interest out of the question, have you no tender feelings for us? Consider, my love, you don't want for good nature; your consent to this match will, in the worst of times, secure a firm and able friend to the family.

Miss Lin. You deceive yourself, indeed, my dear mother; he, a friend! I dare believe the first proof you will find of friendship, will be his positive

commands to break off all correspondence with every relation I have.

Mrs. Lin. That's a likely story indeed—Well, child, I must set your father to work, I find what little weight my arguments have.

[*Lady Catharine Coldstream, without.*]

Is Mrs. Linnet within?

Mrs. Lin. Oh! here comes a protectress of yours, Lady Catharine Coldstream, submit the matter to her, she can have no views, is well read in the ways of the world, and has your interest sincerely at heart.

Enter Lady CATHARINE COLDSTREAM.

La. Cath. How is aw wi you, Mestress Linnet and Miss? what a dykens is the matter wi Miss—she seems got quite in the dumps? I thought you were aw ready to jump out of your skins at the bonny prospect afore you.

Mrs. Lin. Indeed, I wish your Ladyship would take Kitty to task, for what I can say signifies nothing.

La. Cath. Ah, that's aw wrang; what has been the matter, Miss Kitty? you ken well enow that children owe an implicit concession to their parents—it is na for bairns to litigate the will of their friends.

Mrs. Lin. Especially, my Lady, in a case where their own happiness is so nearly concerned; there is no persuading her to accept Mr. Flint's offers.

La. Cath. Gad's mercy, Miss, how comes aw this about, dinna you think you hae drawn a braw ticket in the lottery of life; do na you ken that the mon is a laird of aw the land in the country.

Miss Lin. Your Ladyship knows, Madam, that real happiness does not depend upon wealth.

La. Cath. Ah, Miss, but it is a bonney engredient; don't you think, Mrs. Linnet, the lass has got some other lad in her head?

Mrs. Lin. Your Ladyship joins in judgment with me; I have charg'd her, but she stoutly denies it.

La. Cath. Miss, you munna be bashful; an you solicit a cure, your physician must ken the cause of your malady.

Miss Lin. Your Ladyship may believe me, Madam, I have no complaint of that kind.

La. Cath. The lass is obstinate; Mestress Linnet, cannot yoursel gi a guess?

Mrs. Lin. I can't say that I have observ'd—in deed, some time ago, I was inclin'd to believe Mr. Button—

La. Cath. What, yon taylor in Stall-Street; ah, Mrs. Linnit, you are aw out in your guess; the lass s twa weel bred, and twa saucy to gi her heart to sik a burgis as he, Willy Button! nae, he is nae the lad awaw.

Mrs. Lin. Major Racket, I once thought; bu your ladyship knows his affairs took a different turn.

La. Cath. Ah, Racket! that's another man's matter; lasses are apt enow to set their hearts upon scarlet; a cockade has muckle charms wi our sex; well, Miss, comes the wind fra that corner?

Miss Lin. Does your ladyship think, to dislike Mr. Flint, it is absolutely necessary to have a prepossession for somebody else?

La. Cath. Mrs. Linnet, an you will withdraw for a while, perhaps Miss may throw aff her reserve, when there's nobody by but ourselves; a mother, you ken weel, may prove ane too many sometimes.

Mrs. Lin. Your ladyship is most exceedingly kind —d'ye hear, Kitty, mind what her ladyship says, do my dear, and be rul'd by your friends, they are older and wiser than you. [Exit.]

La. Cath. Well, Miss what's the cause of aw this? what makes you so averse to the will of your friends?

Miss Lin. Your ladyship knows Mr. Flint.

La. Cath. Ah, unco weel.

Miss. Lin. Can your ladyship then be at a loss for a cause?

La. Cath. I canna say Mr. Flint is quite an Adonis; but wha is it that in matrimony gets aw they wish? When I intermarried with Sir Launcelot Coldstream, I was en siek a spree lass as yoursel; and the baronet bordering upon his grand climacteric; you mun ken, Miss, my Father was so unsaucy as to gang out with Charley in the forty-five, after which, his fidelity was rewarded in France by a commission that did na bring in a bawbee, and a pension that he never was paid.

Miss. Lin. Infamous ingratitude!

La. Cath. Ay, but I dinna think they will find ony mare sic fools in the North.

Miss. Lin. I hope not.

La. Cath. After this, you canna think, Miss, there was mickle sillier for we poor bairns that were left; so that in troth, I was glad to get an establishment;

and ne'er heeded the disparity between my guid man and mysel.

Miss Lin. Your ladyship gave great proofs of your prudence; but my affairs are not altogether so desperate.

La. Cath. Gad's-mercy, Miss! I hope you dinna make any comparison between Lady Catharine Coldstream, wha has the best blood in Scotland that rins in her veins.

Miss Lin. I hope your ladyship does not suppose.—

La. Cath. A lady lineally descended from the great Ossian himself, and ally'd to aw the illustrious houses abroad and at home—

Miss Lin. I beg, Madam, your ladyship—

La. Cath. And Kitty Linnet; a little play actor, wha gets applauded or his'd just e'en as the mobility wulls.

Miss Lin. I am extremely concern'd, that—

La. Cath. Look'ye, Miss, I will cut matters short, you ken well enow, the first notice that e'er I took of you, was in your acting in Allan Ramsay's play of Paitie and Roger; ere sin I hae been your fast friend; but an you continue obstinate; and will na succumb. I shall straitwith withdraw my protection.

Miss Lin. I shall be extremely unhappy in losing your ladyship's favour.

La. Cath. Miss, that depends entirely on yoursel.

Miss Lin. Well, Madam, as a proof how highly, I rate it, and how desirous I am of obeying the commands of my parents, it shan't be my fault if their wishes are not accomplish'd.

La. Cath. That's aw wright now, Kitty; gi me a kiss, you are the prudent lass that I thought you. Love, Miss, is a pastime for boys and grown girls; aw stuff fit for nothing but novels and romances, there is na-thing solid, na stability.

Miss Lin. Madam—

La. Cath. But to fix your fortune at once to get above the power of the world; that, child, is a serious concern.

Mrs. Linnet (without.)

Mrs. Lin. With your Ladyship's leave—

La. Cath. You may come in, Mrs. Linnet; your daughter is brought to a proper sense of her duty, and is ready to coincide with your wish.

Mrs. Lin. We are infinitely obliged to your Ladyship; this is lucky, indeed; Mr. Flint is now, Madam, below, and begs to be admitted.

La. Cath. Ah! the mon comes in the nick: shew him in in the instant.

[Exit. Mrs. Linnet.]

Now Kitty's your time; dinna be shy lass, but throw out aw your attractions, and fix him that he canna gang back.

Miss Lin. Madam I hope to behave—

La. Cath. Gad's mercy, how the girl trembles and quakes; come, pluck up a heart, and consider your aw is at stake.

Miss Lin. I am afraid I shall be hardly able to say a single—

La. Cath. Suppose then you sing ; gi him a song, there is nothing moves a love-sick loon mair than a song—(*Noise without.*) I hear the lad on the stairs ; but let the words be aw melting and soft—the Scotch tunes, you ken, are unco pathetic ; sing him the Birks of Endermay, or the Braes of Balendine, or the—

Enter FLINT and Mrs. LINNET.

—Maister Flint, your servant. There, Sir, you ken the lass of your heart ; I have laid for you a pretty solid foundation, but as to the edifice you must e'en erect it yoursel.

[*Exit Lady Catherine.*

Flint. Please your Ladyship, I will do my endeavour. Madam Linnet, I have made bold to bring you a present, a small paper of tea, in my pocket—you will order the tea-kettle on.

Mrs. Lin. O, Sir, you need not have---

Flint. I won't put you to any expence.

[*Exit Mrs. Linnet.*

Well, Miss, I understand here by my Lady, that that she, that is, that you, with respect and regard to the—ah, ah,—wont you please to be seated ?

Miss Lin. Sir!—my lover seems as confus'd as myself.

[*Aside.*

Flint. I say, Miss, that as I was a saying, your friends here have spoke to you all how and about it.

Miss Lin, About it! about what ?

Flint. About this here business that I come about. Pray, Miss, are you fond of the country?

Miss Lin. Of the country?

Flint. Ay; because why, I think it is the most prettiest place for your true lovers to live in—something so rural; for my part, I can't see what pleasure pretty Misses can take in galloping to plays, and to balls, and such expensive vagaries; there is ten times more pastime in fetching walks in the fields, in plucking of daisies—

Miss Lin. Haymaking, feeding the poultry, and milking the cows.

Flint. Right, Miss.

Miss Lin. It must be own'd they are pretty employments for ladies.

Flint. Yes; for my mother used to say, who, between ourselves, was a notable housewife,

Your folks that are idle,

May live to bite the bridle.

Miss Lin. What a happiness to have been bred under so prudent a parent!

Flint. Ay, Miss, you will have reason to say so; her maxims have put many a pound into my pocket.

Miss Lin. How does that concern me?

Flint. Because why, as the saying is,

Tho' I was the maker

You may be the partaker.

Miss Lin. Sir, you are very obliging.

Flint. I can tell you, such offers are not every day to be met with; only think, Miss, to have victuals

and drink constantly found you, without cost or care on your side ; especially now meat is so dear.

Miss Lin. Considerations by no means to be slighted.

Flint. Moreover that you may live and appear like my wife, I fully intend to keep you a coach.

Miss Lin. Indeed !

Flint. Yes ; and you shall command the horses whenever you please, unless during the harvest, and when they are employ'd in ploughing and carting ; because the main chance must be minded, you know.

Miss Lin. True, true.

Flint. Tho' I dont think, you will be vastly fond of coaching about ; for why, we are off of the turnpike, and the roads are deadly deep about we.

Miss Lin. What, you intend to reside in the country ?

Flint. Without doubt ; for then, Miss, I shall be sure to have you all to myself.

Miss Lin. An affectionate motive ;—but even in this happy state, where the most perfect union prevails, some solitary hours will intrude, and the time, now and then, hang heavy on our hands.

Flint. What, in the country, my dear Miss ? not a minute—you will find all pastime and jollity there ; for what with minding the dairy, dunning the tenants, preserving and pickling, nursing the children, scolding the servants, mending and making, roasting, boiling and baking, you wont have a mo-

ment to spare ; you will be merry and happy as the days are long.

Miss Lin. I am afraid the days will be hardly long enough to execute so extensive a plan of enjoyment.

Flint. Never you fear ; I am told Miss, that you write an exceeding good hand.

Miss Lin. Pretty well, I believe.

Flint. Then, Miss, there is more pleasure in store ; for you may employ any leisure time that you have in being my clerk, as a Justice of Peace—you shall share sixpence out of every warrant, to buy any little thing that you want.

Miss Lin. That's finely imagined.—As your enjoyments are chiefly domestic, I presume you have contriv'd to make home as convenient as can be ; you have, Sir, good gardens, no doubt ?

Flint. Gardens ! ay, ay ; why before the great parlour window there grows a couple of yews, as tall as a mast, and as thick as a steeple ; and the boughs cast so delightful a shade, that you can't see your hand in any part of the room.

Miss Lin. A most delicate gloom—

Flint. And then there constantly roosts in the trees a curious couple of fowls, which I won't suffer our folks to disturb, as they make so rural a noise in the night—

Miss Lin. A most charming duet—

Flint. And besides Miss they pay for their lodgings, as they are counted very good mousers you know.

Miss Lin. True; but within doors, your mansion is capacious, and—

Flint. Capacious! yes, yes, capacious enough; you may stretch your legs without crossing the threshold; why, we go up and down stairs into every room of the house—to be sure, at present, it is a little out of repair; not that it rains in, where the casements are whole, at above five or six places at present.

Miss Lin. Your prospects are pleasing?

Flint. From off the top of the leads; for why, I have boarded up most of the windows, in order to save paying the tax; but to my thinking, our bed-chamber, Miss, is the most pleasantest place in the house.

Miss Lin. Oh, Sir, you are very polite.

Flint. No Miss, it is not for that; but you must know, that there is a large bow window facing the east, that does finely for drying of herbs; it is hung round with hatchments of all the folks that have dy'd in the family; and then the pigeon-house is over our heads.

Miss Lin. The pigeon-house!

Flint. Yes; and there, every morning, we shall be wak'd by day-break, with their murmuring, cooing and courting, that will make it as fine as can be.

Miss Lin. Ravishing! Well, Sir, it must be confess'd, you have given me a most bewitching picture of pastoral life; your place is a perfect Arcadia—but I am afraid half the charms are deriv'd from the painter's flattering pencil.

Flint. Not heightened a bit, as yourself shall be judge---and then, as to the company, Miss, you may have plenty of that when you will, for we have as pretty a neighbourhood as a body can wish.

Miss Lin. Really.

Flint. There is the widow Kilderkin, that keeps the Adam and Eve at the end of town, quite an agreeable body, indeed---the death of her husband has drove the poor woman to tippie a bit---Farmer Dobbins' daughters, and Doctor Surplice, our curate, and wife, a vast conversable woman, if she was not altogether so deaf.

Miss Lin. A very sociable set---why, Sir, placed in this paradise, there is nothing left you to wish.

Flint. Yes, Miss, but there is---

Miss Lin. Ay; what can that be?

Flint. The very same that our grandfather had--to have a beautiful Eve by my side---Could I lead the lovely Linnet nothing loath to that bower---

Miss Lin. Oh, excess of gallantry!

Flint. Would her sweet breath but deign to kindle, and blow up my hopes!

Miss Lin. Oh, Mr. Flint! I must not suffer this for your sake; a person of your importance and rank---

Flint. A young Miss of your great merit and beauty--

Miss Lin. A gentleman so accomplish'd and rich--

Flint. Whose perfections are not only the talk of Bath, but of Bristol, and the whole country round.

Mrs. Lin. Oh, Mr. Flint, this is too---

Flint. Her goodness, her grace, her duty, her decency, her wisdom and wit, her shape, slimness and size, with her lovely black eyes, so elegant, engaging, so modest; so prudent, so pious, and, if I am rightly inform'd, possessed of a sweet pretty pipe.

Miss Lin. This is such a profusion---

Flint. Permit me Miss, to solicit a specimen of your delicate talents.

Miss Lin. Why, Sir, as your extravagant compliments have left me nothing to say, I think the best thing I can do is to sing.

SONG.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invites the tuneful birds to sing;
And as they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay, &c.

Flint. Enchanting! ravishing sounds! not the Nine muses themselves, nor Mrs. Baddeley, is equal to you.

Miss Lin. Oh, fie!

Flint. May I flatter myself that the words of that song were directed to me?

Miss Lin. Should I make such a confession, I should ill deserve the character you have been pleas'd to bestow.

Enter Lady CATHARINE COLDSTREAM.

La Cath. Come, come, Master Flint, I'll set your heart at rest in an instant—you ken well enow, lasses

are apt to be modest and shy, then take her answer fra me—prepare the minister, and aw the rest of the tackle, and you will find us ready to gang to the kirk.

Flint. Miss, may I rely on what her ladyship says?

La. Cath. Gad's mercy! I think the man is bewitch'd! he wonna take a woman of quality's word for sik a trifling thing as a wife.

Flint. Your Ladyship will impute it all to my fears—then I will strait set about getting the needful.

La. Cath. Gang your gait as fast as you list.

Flint. Lord bless us! I had like to have forgot—I have, please your Ladyship, put up here in a purse, a few presents, that if miss would deign to accept—

La. Cath. Ah! that's aw wright, quite in the order of things; as matters now stand, there is no harm in her accepting presents fra you, master Flint; you may produce.

Flint. Here is a Porto Bello pocket-piece of Admiral Vernon, with his image a one side, and six men of war all in full sail on the other—

La. Cath. That's a curious medallion.

Flint. And here is half a crown of Queen Ann's as fresh as when it came from the mint—

La. Cath. Yes, yes, it is in very fine presarvation,

Flint. In this here paper, there are two mourning rings; that, which my Aunt Bother'em left me, might serve very well, I should think, for the approaching happy occasion.

La. Cath. How! a mourning—

Flint. Because why, the motto's so pat;
True till death shall stop my breath

La. Cath. Ay, ay, that contains mickle morality
Miss.

Flint. And here is, fourthly, a silver coral and bells,
with only a bit broke off the coral when I was cutting
my grinders; this was given me by my godfather
Slingsby, and I hope will be in use again before the
year comes about.

La. Cath. Na doubt, na doubt; leave that matter
to us—I warrant we impede the Flint family from
fawing into oblivion.

Flint. I hope so—I should be glad to have a son of
my own, if so be, but to leave him my fortune, be-
cause why, at present there is no mortal that I care a
farthing about.

La. Cath. Quite a philosopher—then dispatch, ma-
ster Flint, dispatch; for you ken at your time of life,
you hanna a moment to lose.

Flint. True, true, your ladyship's entirely devoted
—Miss, I am your most affectionate slave. [*Exit.*

La. Cath. A sawzy lad, this master Flint; you see,
Miss, he has a meaning in aw that he does.

Miss Lin. Might I be permitted to alter your
ladyship's words, I should rather say, *meanness*.

La. Cath. It is na mickle matter what the mon is
at present, wi a little management you may mold
him into any form that you list.

Miss Lin. I am afraid he is not made of such pliant
materials; but, however, I have too far advanced to

retire; the die is cast—I have no chance now, unless my Corydon should happen to alter his mind—

La. Cath. Na, Miss; there is na danger in that, you ken the treaty is concluded under my mediation, an he should dare to draw back, Lady Catharine Coldstream would soon find means to punish his perfidy—Come away Miss. [*Exeunt.*

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Sir CHRISTOPHER CRIPPLE, SOUR CROUT, DE JARSEY, Major RACKET, and POULTICE, discovered sitting at a table.*

Sir Christopher Cripple.

WE must take care that Flint does not surprise us, for the scoundrel is very suspicious.

Rack. There is no danger of that—I lodged him, safely at Linnet's—Button stands centry at the end of the street, so that we shall be instantly apprised of every motion he makes.

Poul. Well managed, my Major.

Sir Chr. Yes, yes; the cunning young dog knows very well what he is about.

Sour Cr. Upon my word, Major Racket has very fine disposition to make a figure at de head of de army; five or six German campaigns will—ah, dat is de best school in de vorld for make de var.

Sir Chr. Five or six German campaigns!

Sour Cr. Ay, Chevalier; vat you say to dat?

Sir Chr. O Mynheer! nothing at all—a German war, for ought I know, may be a very good school, but it is a damned expensive education for us.

De Jar. C'est vrai, Chevalier, dat is all true, cet pay la dal place is the grave for the Frenchman and de fine English guinea.

Sir Chr. True, Monsieur; but our guineas are rather worse off than your men, for they stand no chance of rising again.

De Jar. Ha, ha, ha! dat is very well—le Chevalier have beaucoup d'esprit, great deal of wit, ma foi.

Rack. I think the Knight is in luck—but don't let us loose sight of our subject. You, Gentlemen, are all prepar'd, perfect in the several parts you are to play?

All. Ay, ay.

Rack. You, Mynheer Sour Crout?

Sour Cr. I understand—I will pique his honour—the pride of his famille.

Rack. Right. Poullice—

Poul. I will alarm him on the side of his health.

Sir Chr. Next to his money, the thing in the world he most minds.

Rack. You, De Jarsey, and Button, will employ all your eloquence on the prudential side of the—Oh, dear Jarsey! here is a draft for the pipe of Port that I promis'd.

De Jar. Dat is right.

Rack. The only receipt to get bawds, boroughs, or Frenchmen. [*Aside.*—Oh, here Billy comes—

Enter BUTTON.

Well Billy, what news?

Butt. I am vast afraid all matters are concluded at last.

Rack. Ay! prithee why so?

Butt. Because why, in ten minutes after you went,

out bolted the Squire, and hurry scurry'd away to layer Lattitat's, who, you know, arrests his tenants, and does all his concerns.

Rack. True; well—

Butt. I suppose to give him orders about drawing the writings.

Sir Chr. Not unlikely—but you think Flint will come to the club?

Butt. There is no manner of doubt; because why, he holloo'd to me from over the way—what, Billy, I suppose you are bound to the Bear; well, boy, I shall be hard at your heels—and he seem'd in prodigious vast spirits.

Rack. I am mistaken if we don't lower them a little. Well, Gentlemen, the time of action draws nigh. Knight, we must decamp.

Sir Chr. When you will.

Rack. I think, Sir Christopher, you lodge in the same house with the Linnets?

Sir Chr. Just over their heads.

Rack. Then thither we'll go—ten to one, if our plot operates as I expect, the hero will return to their house.

Sir Chr. Most likely.

Rack. We are come to a crisis, and the catastrophe of our piece can't be very far off.

Sir Chr. I wish, like other plays, it don't end in a marriage.

Rack. Then I shall be most confoundedly bit—but come, Knight.

Sir Chr. Rot you, I do as fast as I can—I can't

think, Racket, what the deuse makes thee so warm in this business; there is certainly something at bottom that I don't comprehend.—But do, Major, have pity on the poor girl; upon my soul she is a sweet little syren, so innocent and——

Rack. Pooh, pooh; don't be absurd—I thought that matter had been fully explain'd; this, Knight, is no time to look back—but suppose now I should have a little mischief in hand—

Sir Chr. How! of what kind?

Rack. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Knight, till done, and then applaud the deed.

Sir Chr. It is very extraordinary Major Racket, if you are determined to make the devil a visit, that you can't pay it alone; or if you must have company, what a pox makes you think of fixing on me?

Rack. Hey day! ha, ha! What, in the vapours again?—we must have some more punch—

Sir Chr. You are mistaken; that won't have power to change the state of my mind, my resolves are too firm—

Rack. And who wishes to break them? I only ask your assistance to-night; and your reformation, you recollect, don't begin 'till to-morrow.

Sir Chr. That's true, indeed; but no human power shall prevail to put it off any longer than to-morrow.

Rack. Or the next day at farthest.

Sir Chr. May I be—-if I do.

[*Exeunt Rack. and Sir Chr.*]

Poul. Come lads, light your pipes—which of us shall be first to attack? Billy——

Butt. Won't it be rather too bold for me to begin?

Poul. Then let us leave it to chance—Hush! I hear him lumbering in—compose your looks, let his reception be solemn and grave.

Butt. Leave that chair for him.

Enter FLINT.

Flint. How fares it, my lads? Well, boys, matters are settled at last—the little Kate as comply'd, and to-morrow is fix'd for the day.

Poul. You have settled it then?

Flint. As firm as a rock.

Poul. So you can't retreat if you would?

Flint. Retreat! I have no such design.

Poul. You han't?

Flint. No, to be sure, you great fool; what the deuse would Poullice be at?

Poul. Nay then, neighbours, what we have been saying will just signify nothing.

Flint. Saying? why you have not heard?—that is, nobody——

Poul. No, nothing very material—only—but as the matter is carried so far——

Flint. So far! why I hope you have not found out any flaw—Kitty has not——

Poul. No, no, nothing of that—no, upon my word—I believe a very modest, prudent, good girl, neighbour.

All. No manner of doubt.

Flint. Well then—but what a plague is the meaning of this? You all sit as silent and glum—why can't you speak out with a pox?

Poul. Why, Squire, as we are all your fix'd friends, we have been canvassing this matter among us.

Flint. You have?

Poul. Marriage, you know very well, is no trifling affair; too much caution and care can't be us'd—

Flint. That I firmly believe, which has made me defer it so long.

Poul. Pray lend me your hand; how is the state of your health? do you find yourself hearty and strong?

Flint. I think so; that is I—you han't observ'd any bad symptoms of late?

Poul. No; but you us'd to have pains flying about you.

Flint. Formerly; but since I have fix'd my gout to a fit they are gone—that, indeed, lays me up four or five months in a year.

Poul. A pretty long spell; and in such a case, do you think now that a marriage—

Flint. The most best receipt in the world—why that, man, was one of my motives—wives, you know, are allow'd to make very good nurses.

Poul. That, indeed.

Flint. Ay, and then they are always at hand; and besides they don't cost one a farthing.

Poul. True, true; why you look very jolly and fresh; does not he?

All. Exceedingly.

Poul. Yet he can't be less than—let me see—wasn't you under old Syntax at Wells?—

Flint. He dy'd the year I left school.

Poul. That must be a good forty year since.

Flint. Come sheep-shearing next.

Poul. Then, Squire, you are hard upon sixty.

Flint. Not far away, Master Poullice.

Poul. And Miss Linnet—sixteen—you are a bold man—not but there are instances, indeed, where men have surviv'd many years such disproportiona marriages as these.

Flint. Surviv'd! why should they not?

Poul. But then their stamina must be prodigiously strong.

Flint. Stamina!

Poul. Let us see, Button, there was Doctor Dotage, that married the Devonshire girl, he had a matter of—

Butt. No, no; he dropp'd off in six months.

Poul. True, true, I had forgot.

Flint. Lord have mercy!

Butt. Indeed, an old master of mine, Sir Harry O'Tuff, is alive, and walks about to this day.

Flint. Hey!

Poul. But you forgot where Sir Harry was born, and how soon his Lady elop'd.

Butt. In the honey moon; with captain Pike of the guards; I mind it full well.

Poul. That, indeed, alters the case.

Flint. Well, but Billy, you are not serious in this? you don't think there is any danger of death?

Butt. As to the matter of death, the Doctor knows better than I, because why, that lies in his way; but I shall never forget Colonel Crazy, one of the best customers that ever I had; I never think of him without dropping a tear——

Flint. Why; what was the matter with him?

Butt. Married Lady Barbary Bonnie, as it might be about midnight on Monday——

Flint. Well——

Butt. But never more saw the sweet face of the sun.

Flint. What! did he die?

Butt. Within an hour after throwing the stocking.

Flint. Good Lord! that was dreadful indeed— Of what age might he be?

Butt. About your time of life.

Flint. That is vastly alarming. Lord bless me, Bill, I am all of a tremble!

Butt. Ay, truly, it behoves your honour to consider what you are about.

Flint. True.

Butt. Then what a world of money must go; running forwards and backwards to town, and jaunting to see all the fine sights in the place——

Flint. I shan't take her to many of them; perhaps I may shew her the Parliament house, and plays, and Boodles, and Bedlam, and my Lord Mayor, and the lions!

Butt. Then the vast heap of fine cloaths you must make—

Flint. What occasion for that?

Butt. As you arn't known, there is no doing without; because why, every body passes there for what they appears.

Flint. Right, Billy; but i believe I have found out a way to do that pretty cheap.

Butt. Which way may be that?

Flint. You have seen the minister that's come down to tack us together—

Butt. I have—is he a fine man in the pulpit?

Flint. He don't care much to meddle with that; but he is a prodigious patriot, and a great politician to boot—

Butt. Indeed!

Flint. And has left behind him, at Paris, a choice collection of curious rich cloaths, which he has promis'd to sell me a pennorth.

Poul. Pooh, what Billy talks of are trifles to the evils you are to expect—to have a girl to break in upon your old ways; your afternoon's nap interrupted, and perhaps not suffer'd to take your pipe of a night.

Flint. No!

Poul. All your former friends forbidden your house—

Flint. The fewer come in, the less will go out; I shan't be sorry for that.

Poul. To make room for her own numerous clan—

Flint. Not a soul of them shall enter the doors.

Poul. A brood of babes at your board, whose fathers she herself won't find it easy to name—

Flint. To prevent that I'll lock her up in a room.

Poul. The King's-Bench will break open the door—

Flint. Then I'll turn her out of the house.

Poul. Then her debts will throw you into gaol—

Flint. Who told you so?

Poul. A dozen of proctors—

Flint. Then I will hang myself out of the way.

Poul. So she will become possessed of her jointure, and her creditors will foreclose your estate.

Flint. What a miserable poor toad is a husband; whose misfortunes not even death can relieve.

Butt. Think of that, Squire, before it be too late.

Flint. Well but friends, neighbours, what the deuse can I do? are you all of a mind?

De Jar. All, all; dere is no question at all: what a garson of your ancient famille to take up with a pauvre petite bourgoise a?

Flint. Does that never happen in France?

De Jar. Never; but when Monsieur de Baron is very great beggar, and de bourgoise has damn'd deal de guinea.

Poul. That is none of our case.

Flint. No, no—Mynheer, do your people never make up such matches?

Sour Cr. Never, never—what, a German dishonour his stock! why Mester Flint, should Mistress Linnet bring you de children for de ten generations

to come, they could not be chose de Cannons of Stratsborough.

Flint. No?

Poul. So, Squire, take it which way you will, what dreadful danger you run.

Flint. I do.

Poul. Loss of friends—

Butt. Pipe and afternoon's nap—

Sour Cr. Your famille gone to de dogs—

De Jar. Your peace of mind to de devil—

Poul. Your health—

Butt. Your wealth—

Poul. Plate, money, and manors.

All. Your—

Flint. Enough, dear neighbours, enough—I feel it, I feel it too well; Lord have mercy what a miserable scrape am I in! and here too, not an hour ago, it has cost me the Lord knows what in making her presents.

Poul. Never mind that; you had better part with half you are worth in the world.

Flint. True, true—well then I'll go and break off all matters this minute.

Poul. The wisest thing you can do—

Butt. The sooner the better.

Flint. No doubt, no doubt, in the—and yet But-
ton, she is a vast pretty girl—I should be heartily
sorry to lose her—dost think one could not get her
on easier terms than on marriage?

Butt. It is but trying, however.

Flint. To tell truth, Billy, I have always had that in my head ; and at all events I have thought of a project that will answer my purpose.

Butt. Ay, Squire, what is it ?

Flint. No matter—and, do you hear Billy ? should I get her consent, if you will take her off my hands, and marry her when I begin to grow tired, I'll settle ten pounds a year upon you, for both your lives.

Butt. Without paying the taxes.

Flint. That matter we will talk of hereafter.

[*Exit.*

Poul. So, so, we have well settled this business, however.

Butt. No more thoughts of his taking a wife.

Poul. He would sooner be ty'd to a gibbet ; but, Billy, step after him, they will let you in at Sir Christopher Cripple's ; and bring us, Bill, a faithful account.

Butt. I will, I will ; but where shall you be ?

Poul. Above, in the Phoenix ; we won't stir out of the house ; but be very exact.

Butt. Never fear.

[*Exeunt.*

Miss LINNET, alone.

Heigh, ho ! what a sacrifice am I going to make ? but it is the will of those who have a right to all my obedience, and to that I will submit. (*Loud knocking at the door.*) Bless me ! who can that be at this time of night ! Our friends may err ; and projects, the most prudentially pointed, may miss of their aim ; but age and experience demand respect and at-

that
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tention, and the undoubted kindness of our parent's designs claims, on our parts at least, a grateful and ready compliance.

Enter NANCY.

Miss Lin. Nancy, who was that at the door?

Nancy. Mr. Flint, Miss, begs the favour of speaking five words with you.

Miss Lin. I was in hopes to have had this night at least to myself—where is my mother?

Exit.
Nancy.

Nancy. In the next room with Lady Catharine, consulting about your cloathes for the morning.

Miss Lin. He is here—very well, you may go.

[*Exit.*

but,
Sir
ful

Enter FLINT.

Flint. She is alone, as I wished—Miss, I beg pardon for intruding at this time of night, but—

Miss Lin. Sir!

out

Flint. You can't wonder that I desire to enjoy your good company every minute I can.

unt.

Miss Lin. Those minutes, a short space, will place Mr. Flint in your power; if 'till then you had permitted me to—

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ects,
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Flint. Right. But to say the truth, I wanted to have a little serious talk with you of how and about it.—I think, Miss, you agree, if we marry, to go off to the country directly.

Miss Lin. If we marry? is it then a matter of doubt?

Flint. Why, I tell you Miss; with regard to myself, you know, I am one of the most antientest families in all the country round—

Miss Lin. Without doubt.

Flint. And as to money and lands, in these parts, I believe few people can match me.

Miss Lin. Perhaps not.

Flint. And as to yourself, I don't speak in a disparaging way, your friends are low folks, and your fortune just nothing.

Miss Lin. True, Sir; but this is no new discovery, you have known this—

Flint. Hear me out now as I bring, all these good things on my side, and you have nothing to give me in return but your love, I ought to be pretty sure of the possession of that.

Miss Lin. I hope the properly discharging all the duties of that condition, which I am shortly to owe to your favour, will give you convincing proofs of my gratitude.

Flint. Your gratitude, Miss—but we talk of your love! and of that, if I marry, I must have plain and positive proofs.

Miss Lin. Proofs! of what kind?

Flint. To steal away directly with me to my lodgings.

Miss Lin. Your lodgings!

Flint. There pass the night, and in the morning, the very minute we rise, we will march away to the Abbey.

Miss Lin. Sir!

Flint. In short Miss, I must have this token of love, or not a syllable more of the marriage.

Miss Lin. Give me patience!

Flint. Come, Miss, we have not a minute to lose; the coast is clear—should somebody come, you will put it out of my power to do what I design.

Miss Lin. Power! Hands off, Mr. Flint. Power! I promise you, Sir, you shall never have me in your power.

Flint. Here, Miss—

Miss Lin. Despicable wretch! from what part of my character could your vanity derive a hope that I would submit to your infamous purpose?

Flint. Don't be in a—

Miss Lin. To put principle out of the question, not a creature that had the least tincture of pride could fall a victim to such a contemptible—

Flint. Why but Miss—

Miss Lin. It is true in compliance with the earnest request of my friends, I had consented to sacrifice my peace to their pleasure; and tho' reluctant, would have given you my hand.

Flint. Vastly well.

Miss Lin. What motive, but obedience to them, could I have had in forming an union with you? Did you presume I was struck with your personal merit, or think the sordidness of your mind and manners would tempt me?

Flint. Really, Miss, this is carrying—

Miss Lin. You have wealth I confess; but where could have been the advantage to me, as a reward for becoming your drudge? I might perhaps have received a scanty subsistence, for I can hardly sup-

pose you would grant the free use of that to your wife, which your meanness has deny'd to yourself.

Flint. So, so, so—by and by she will alarm the whole house.

Miss Lin. The whole house! the whole town shall be told. Sure the greatest misfortune that Poverty brings in its train, is the subjecting us to the insults of wretches like this, who have no other merit but what their riches bestow on them.

Flint. What a damnable vixen. [*Aside.*

Miss Lin. Go, Sir; leave the house. I am asham'd, Sir, you have had the power to move me, and never more let me be shock'd with your sight.

Enter Lady CATHERINE and Mrs. LINNET.

La. Cath. How's aw wi you within? Gad's mercy, what's the matter wi Miss? I will hope, Maister Flint, it is na you, who ha set her a wailing.

Mrs. Lin. Kitty, my love.

Miss Lin. A modest proposal of that gentleman's making.—

La. Cath. Of what kind?

Miss Lin. Only this moment to quit my father and you, and take up my lodging with him.

La. Cath. To night; aw that is quite out of the order of things, that is ne'er done, Maister Flint, till after the ceremony of the nuptials is said.

Flint. No?—Then, I can tell your ladyship, it will never be done.

La. Cath. How?—

Enter Major RACKET, Sir CHRISTOPHER CRIPPLE, and BUTTON.

Sir Chr. We beg pardon for taking the liberty to come in, Mrs. Linnet, but we were afraid some accident might have happened to Miss.—

Mrs. Lin. There has, Sir.

Rack. Of what kind?

Mrs. Lin. That worthy gentleman, under pretence of friendship to us, and honourable views to my daughter, has hatched a treacherous design to inevitably ruin my child.

Sir Chr. What he? Flint!

Mrs. Lin. Even he.

Sir Chr. An impudent son of a—Billy, lead me up, that I may take a peep at the puppy—Your servant young gentlemen; what, is it true that we hear? A sweet swain this to tempt a virgin to sin. Why, Old Nick has made a mistake here, he used to be more expert in his angling, for what female on earth can be got to catch this bait?

La. Cath. Haud, haud you, Sir Christopher Cripple, let Maister Flint and I have a short conference upon occasion—I find, Maister Flint, you ha made a little mistake, but marriage will set aw matters right in the instant. I suppose you persevere to gang wi Miss, till to kirk in the morning.

Flint. No Madam, nor the evening neither.

La. Cath. Mercy a Gad! what do you refuse to ratify the preliminaries?

Flint. I don't say that neither.

Sir Chr. Then name the time in which you will fulfil them—a week?

La. Cath. A fortnight?

Mrs. Lin. A month?

Flint. I won't be bound to no time.

Rack. A rascally evasion of his to avoid an action at law.

Sir Chr. But, perhaps, he may be disappointed in that.

La. Cath. Well, but Maister Flint, are you willing to make Miss a pecuniary acknowledgment for the damage?

Flint. I have done her no damage, and I'll make no reparation.

Rack. Twelve honest men of your country may happen to differ in judgment.

Flint. Let her try if she will—

Sir Chr. And I promise you she shan't be to seek for the means.

La. Cath. If you be nae afraid of the laws, ha you nae sense of shame?

Rack. He sense of shame?

La. Cath. Gad's wuil, it shall cum to the proof you mun ken, good folk, at Edinbrugh last winter, I got acquainted with Maister Fout the play-actor—I will get him to bring the filthy loon on the stage—

Sir Chr. And expose him to the contempt of the world; he richly deserves it.

Flint. Ay, he may write, you may rail, and they people may hiss, and what care I? I have that home that will keep up my spirits—

La. Cath. At hame?

Rack. The wretch means his money—

Flint. And what better friend can any man have

Tell me the place where its influence fails? Ask that gentleman how he got his cockade. Money! I know its worth, and therefore can't too carefully keep it. At this very instant I have a proof of its value; it enables me to laugh at that squeamish impertinent girl, and despise the weak efforts of your impotent malice—Call me forth to your courts when you please, that will procure me able defenders, and good witnesses too if they are wanted. [Exit.

Sir Chr. Now there's a fellow that will never reform.

Rack. You had better let him alone, it is in vain to expect justice or honour from him; what a most contemptible cur is a miser?

Sir Chr. Ten thousand times worse than a highwayman; that poor devil only pilfers from Peter or Paul, and the money is scattered as soon as received; but the wretch that accumulates for the sake of secreting, annihilates what was intended for the use of the world, and is a robber of the whole human race.—

Rack. And of himself too into the bargain.

Butt. For all the world like a magpye, he steals for the mere pleasure of hiding.

Rack. Well observed, little Bill.

Butt. Why, he wanted to bring me into his plot—yes; he made proposals for me to marry Miss after that his purpose was serv'd—

Sir Chr. How!

Butt. But he was out in his man—let him give his

cast cloaths to his coachman. Billy Button can afford a new suit of his own.

Rack. I don't doubt it at all.

Butt. Fellow—I am almost resolved never to set another stich for him as long as I live.

Sir Chr. Right, Button, right; but where is Miss Kitty? Come hither, my chicken; faith I am heartily glad you are rid of this scoundrel; and if such a crippled old fellow as me was worthy of your notice—but hold, Kate, there is another chap I must guard you against—

Miss Lin. Another, Sir! who?

Sir Chr. Why this gentleman.

Rack. Me!

Sir Chr. Ay, you; come, come Major, don't think you can impose upon a cunning old sportsman like me.

Rack. Upon my soul, Sir Christopher, you make me blush.

Sir Chr. Oh! you are devilish modest I know—but to come to the trial at once. I have some reason to believe, Major, you are fond of this girl, and that her want of fortune mayn't plead your excuse, I don't think I can better begin my plan of reforming than by a compliment paid to her virtue—then take her, and with her two thousand guineas in hand.

Mrs. Lin. How, Sir!

Sir Chr. And expect another good spell when Monsieur le Fevre sets me free from the gout.

Butt. Please your Worship, I'll accept her with half—

La. Cath. Gi me leave, Sir Christopher, to throw in the widow's mite on the happy occasion; the bride garment, and her dinner shall be furnished by me.

Sir Chr. Cock-a-leeky soup.

La. Cath. Sheep's head sing'd, a haggies in plenty.

Sir Chr. Well said, Lady Catharine.

Miss Lin. How, Sir, shall I acknowledge this goodness?

Sir Chr. By saying nothing about it—Well, Sir, we wait your answer.

Rack. I think the lady might first be consulted: I should be sorry a fresh prosecution should follow so fast on the heels of the—

Sir Chr. Come, come, no trifling, your resolution at once.

Rack. I receive, then, your offer with pleasure.

Sir Chr. Miss.

Miss Lin. Sir, there is a little account to be first settled between this gentleman and an old unhappy acquaintance of mine.

Sir Chr. Who?

Miss Lin. The Major can guess—the unhappy Miss Prim.

Sir Chr. You see, Major, your old sins are rising in judgment.

Rack. I believe, Madam, I can satisfy that.

Miss Lin. I sha'n't give you the trouble—but first, let me return you all my most grateful thanks for your kind intentions towards me. I know your

generous motives, and feel its value, I hope, as I ought; but might I be permitted to choose, I beg to remain in the station I am; my little talents have hitherto received the public protection, nor whilst I continue to deserve, am I the least afraid of losing my patrons.

[*Exeunt.*]

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EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. CUMBERLAND.

SPOKEN BY MRS. JEWELL.

CONFIDING in the justice of the place,
 To you the *Maid of Bath* submits her case :
 Wrong'd and defeated of three several spouses,
 She lays her damages for nine full houses.
 Well, Sirs, you've heard the parties, *pro* and *con*.
 Do the *pro's* carry it? Shall the suit go on?
 Speak hearts for us, to them we make appeal :
 Tell us not what you think, but what you feel :
 Ask us, why bring a private cause to view !
 We answer with a sigh—because 'tis true :
 For tho' invention is our Poet's trade,
 Here he but copies parts which others play'd.
 For on a ramble, late one starry night,
 With Asmodeo, his familiar sprite,
 High on the wing, by his conductor's side,
 This guilty scene the indignant Bard descry'd ;
 Soaring in air, his ready pen he drew,
 And dash'd the glowing satire as he flew :
 For in these rank luxuriant times, there needs
 Some strong bold hand to pluck the noxious weeds.
 The rake of sixty, crippl'd hand and knee,
 Who sins on claret, and repents on tea :
 The witless Maccaroni, who purloins
 A few cant words, which some pert gambler coins ;
 The undomestic Amazonian Dame,
 Staunch to her *Cotiere*, in despite of fame ;

These are the victims of our Poet's plan,
But most, that *monster*—an unfeeling man.
When such a foe provokes him to the fight,
Tho' maim'd, out sallies the puissant Knight:
Like Withrington, maintains the glorious strife,
And only yields his laurels—with his life.



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